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APRIL, 1897.

THE RED CROSS IN TURKEY.*

PLANE TREE OF THE JANIZARIES, STAMBOUL.

The story of the Red Cross has more than the fascination of romance. This world-wide organization is chiefly the result of the labours of one large-souled man, who, having spent nearly the whole of his life and his fortune in its promotion, now in poverty, in age and feebleness extreme, in an obscure Swiss infirmary, waits for his reward from Him who shall say: "I was sick and in prison, and ye ministered unto me."

Jean Henri Dunant is a native of Geneva, born in 1828, of an old patrician family. The horrors of war brooded like a nightmare over his soul, especially the sufferings of the wounded on the field of battle and in the hospital. He devoted his energies to the formation of a great international league for their alleviation. He rushed from land to land, from court to court, and succeeded in obtaining international recognition throughout Christendom, of the neutrality of the Red Cross relief corps. In a few years forty-six different States have adopted this agreement, and throughout Christendom, and even beyond it, in Turkey, in Siam and Persia, that sign

TURKISH PORTER.

is sacred, and the soldiers of the Red Cross, a nobler chivalry than that of arms, enjoy the protection of hostile armies.

Miss Clara Barton has the honour of securing the accession of the Government of the United

* For the information contained in this article, and for the illustrations which accompany it, we are indebted chiefly to the "Report of America's Relief Expedition to Asia Minor under the Red Cross," by Miss Clara Barton. This narrative of thrilling interest may be obtained from the American National Red Cross at Washington, post free by remitting thirty cents. All the profits will go to the Red Cross Relief Fund. —Ed.

States to this convention. When the War of Secession broke out she was a clerk in the Patent Office at Washington, the first woman to be employed in that service. The horrors of the war which passed under her eyes stirred her soul and led to earnest efforts on behalf of the combatants of both armies.

Broken down in health, she went to Switzerland to recruit, but at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War her sympathies led her to join the noble women of

VIEW FROM RED CROSS HEADQUARTERS, SHOWING GOLDEN HORN, BOSPHORUS AND MARMORA.

the Red Cross in ministering to the wounded in hospital and battle-field, on the trail of battle from Strassburg to Paris. It was ten years later before the United States became one of the Red Cross nations—ten years of strenuous labour of Clara Barton amid discouragements and disappointments to bring about that result.

Happily that country was exempt from the occasion—and may it ever be exempt—of employing the Red Cross on the field of war, but its aid has been invoked in great national calamities, as the Charleston earthquake, the Conemaugh Valley disaster, and the forest fires in Michigan. It has also ministered to the peasants of Russia during the great famine there.

The greatest mission of mercy of the Red Cross has been to the relief of the Armenian victims of Turkish persecution. The appeal came from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, whose resident missionaries were themselves helpless sufferers to a great extent and practically prisoners in their own houses. The need was urgent. Human beings were starving and could not be reached, hundreds of towns and villages had not been heard from since the fire and sword went over them, and no one else was so well prepared for the work of field relief as the agents of the Red Cross. As Turkey was one of the signatory powers to the Red Cross treaty of Geneva, having given its adhesion as long

ago as July, 1865, it must consequently be familiar with its methods and humanitarian ideas. Thus it was hoped that it would readily accept the presence of its workers.

American sympathy was enthusiastic, but its very zeal embarrassed the operation of the Red Cross. Its international and neutral character, as a medium of relief in mitigation of war or overwhelming calamity, appeared to be overlooked or wholly misunderstood. By the obligations of the Geneva treaty, all national controversies, racial distinctions, and differences in creed must be held in abeyance and only the needs of humanity considered.

At public meetings and in the press, coupled with enthusiasm for the relief of the Armenians, was a not unnatural denunciation of the Turks. A Pro-Armenian Alliance was formed, which claimed to be working hand-in-glove with Clara Barton and the Red Cross Society for the relief of the Armenians. It announced the issue of two million copies of a pamphlet bearing on its title page the mottoes : "God against Allah, Christ against Mohammed, Bible against Koran, Heaven against Hell !"

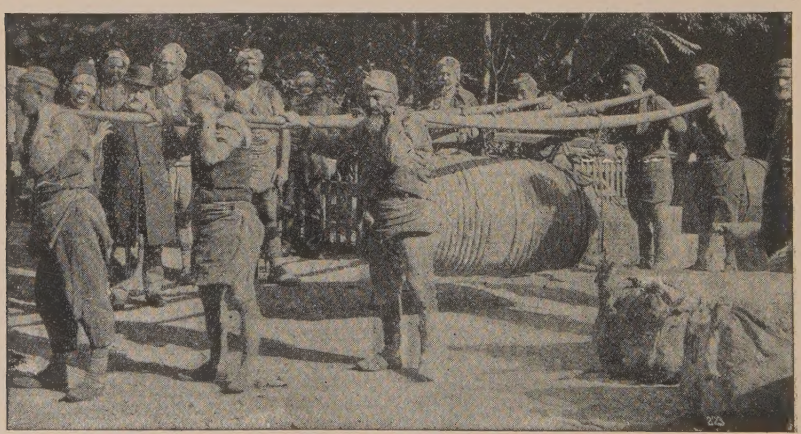
These ardent demonstrations called forth a Turkish Pronunciamento, prohibiting the Red Cross from entering Turkey. Nevertheless, hoping against hope, Clara Barton and her little company of trained experts set forth on their heroic mission. The mode of their leaving New York, January 22nd, 1896, is thus described by Miss Barton: "Crowded piers, wild with hurrahs, white with parting salutes, hearts beating with exultation and expectation—a little shorn band of five, prohibited, unsustained either by government or other authority, destined to a port five thousand miles away, from approach to which even the powers of the world had shrunk. What was it

SUBLIME PORTE, STAMBOUL.

A COFFEE HOUSE IN PERA.

expected to do or how to do it? Visions of Don Quixote and his windmills loomed up, as I turned away and wondered."

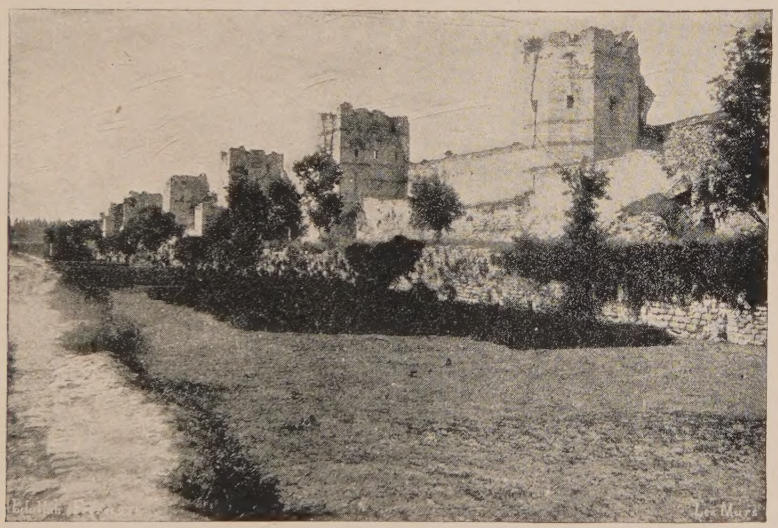
The Red Cross agents reached Constantinople February 15th, and next day they received in a body the members of the Missionary Board in Constantinople. "Here commenced," says Miss Barton, "that friendly intercourse which continued without interruption, strengthening as the days wore on through the half-year that followed, till moistened eyes and warm hand-grasp at parting told more plainly than words how fraught with confidence the intercourse had been. I shall always feel it a privilege and an honour to have been called, even in a small way, to assist the efforts of this chosen body of our countrymen and women, whose faithful and devoted



GROUP OF HAMMALS, SHOWING MANNER OF CARRYING HEAVY MERCHANDISE.

lives are made sacred to the service of God and their fellowmen."

The first step was to obtain an interview with Tewfik Pasha, the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, or Minister of State. "The Pasha listened most attentively to the speech of Mr. Terrell, United States Minister, thanked him, and replied that they knew the Red Cross and its president, and turning to me, repeated: 'We know you, Miss Barton; have long known you and your work. We would like



SECTION OF OUTER WALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

to hear your plans for relief and what you desire.'

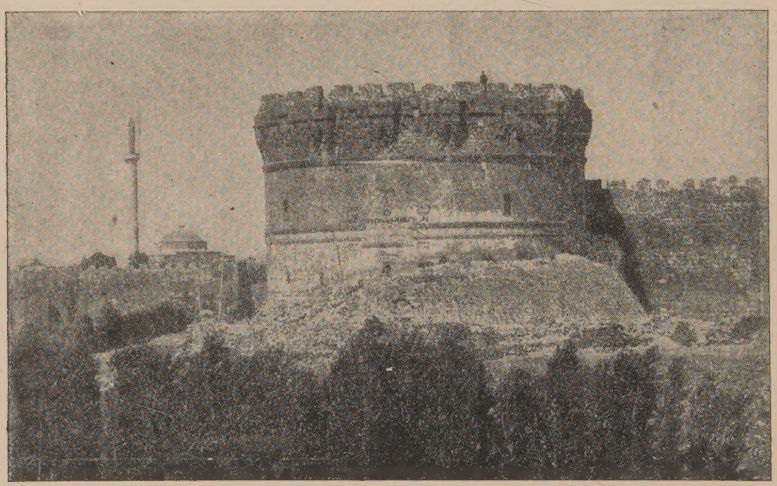
"I proceeded to state that I had brought skilled agents, practical and experienced farmers whose first efforts would be to get the people back to their deserted fields and provide them with farming implements and material wherewith to put in summer crops and thus enable them to feed themselves. These would embrace ploughs, hoes, spades, seed-corn, wheat, and later, sickles, scythes, etc., for harvesting, with which to save the miles of autumn grain which we had heard of as growing on the great plains, already in the ground before the trouble; also to provide for them such cattle and other animals as it would be possible to purchase or to get back; that if some such thing were not done before another winter, unless we had been greatly misinformed, the suffering there would shock the entire civilized world.

"'I shall never counsel nor permit a sly or underhand action with your government, and you will pardon me, Pasha, if I say that I shall expect the same treatment in return—such as I give I shall expect to receive.'

"Almost without a breath he replied—'And you shall have it. We honour your position and your wishes will be respected. Such aid and protection as we are able to, we shall render.'"

The next day Miss Barton was waited on by a court chamberlain, who stated that the Government was compelled to request the de-

lay of her expedition that they might translate and read some of the immense quantities of newspaper matter—some bushels of papers—which had been thrown in upon them from America. Miss Barton knew that much of this was of the very inflammatory sort, such as we have above quoted. Nevertheless, she lost no time, but purchased immense quantities of material, such as could not fail to be useful and needed, to be taken by caravan into the interior.



WALL TOWER, DIARBEKIR.

At this juncture, a request came from Sir Phillip Currie, British Ambassador, asking if she could be persuaded to turn her expedition through the Mediterranean rather than the Black Sea, in order to reach Marash and Zeitoun. In these two cities ten thousand people were down with four distinct epidemics—typhoid and typhus fevers, dysentery, and small-pox. The victims were dying in overwhelming numbers, and there was not a physician among them, all being either sick or dead, with no medicines and little food. "This was not a case for 'persuasion,' but of heartfelt thanks from us all that Sir Philip Currie had remembered to call us whom he had never met."

Amid many difficulties and delays the start was made. Teskeres, or travelling permits, for Dr. Hubbell and assistants were promised, but came too late for them to take the steamer on which the relief goods were shipped.

From Alexandretta the relief stores, medicines, and hospital supplies were conveyed by Red Cross agents with much hardship and exposure, of which no word of complaint ever passed their lips, by caravan route to Aintab, the first base of operations.

A letter from Miss Barton to Miss Frances Willard expresses the nature of the relief work and the difficulties under which it was performed :

"My heart would grow faint and words fail, were I to attempt to tell them the woes and the needs of these Christian martyrs. But what need to tell? They already know what words can say—alone,

bereft, forsaken, sick and heartbroken, without food, raiment or shelter, on the snow-piled mountain sides and along the smoking valleys they wander and linger and perish. What more should I say to our people, but to show them the picture of what they themselves have already done.

"The scores of holy men and women sustained by them, with prayers in their hearts, tears in their voices, hovering like angels and toiling like slaves, along all these borders of misery and woe, counting peril as gain and death as naught, so it is in His Name. But here another picture rises ; as if common woe were not enough, the angel of disease flaps his black wings like a pall and in once bright Zeitoun and Marash contagion reigns. By scores, by hundreds, they die ; no help, no medicine, no skill, little food, and the last yard of cotton gone to cover the sick and dying. To whom came the cry, 'Help or we perish ! Send us physicians ! ' The contributed gifts of America open the doors of classic Beyrout, and Ira Harris, with his band of doctors speeds his way. In Eskandaroon sleep the waiting caravans. The order comes, 'Arise and go ! henceforth your way is clear.' Camels heavy laden, not with ivory and jewels, gold in the ingot and silk in the bales, but food and raiment for the starving, the sick, and the dying. Onward they sweep toward dread Killis—the wild tribes' knives before, the Moslem troops behind—'go on ! we protect ; ' till at length the spires of Aintab rise in view. Weary the camels and weary the men—Hubbell, Fuller, Wistar, Wood, Mason—names that should live in story for the brave deeds of that march but just begun. The quick, glad cry of welcome of a city that had known but terror, sorrow and neglect for months—a little rest, help given, and over the mountains deep in snow, weary and worn their caravans go, toiling on towards fever and death."

CONSTANTINOPLE DOGS.

It will be inferred that the assignment, furnishing and direction of several expeditions, nearly a thousand miles distant, four weeks by personal travel, six weeks to write a letter and get reply, from two days to almost any time by telegraph, according to the condition of the wires, and in any language from Turkish and Greek to Arabic, with all other duties immediately surrounding, could not leave large leisure for home correspondence.

Amid these heavy duties, Miss Barton began to be mystified by the nature of despatches from America. "Contributors object to Turkish distribution." What could it mean? She could only reply, "Don't understand your despatch. Please explain." At length it transpired that a cablegram had reached America stating that the Turkish Government insisted on supervising the distribution. "It had been taken for granted through all America, England, and even the Missionary Boards of Turkey, that I had pledged myself and signed papers, to distribute the funds entrusted to me, under Turkish inspection and from lists furnished by Turkish officials. Myself and my officers appeared to be the only persons who had never heard of it."

The American committees were disheartened and advised Miss Barton to leave the field and return home. Realizing the position of the committees, she at once cabled relieving them from further contributions: "We will finish the field without further aid."

The brave-souled woman, however, refused to give up the work, and wrote to the Red Cross Secretary at Washington as follows:

"I have a body of relief on these fields, hundreds of miles away in the mountains, a thousand miles from me, that I could not draw off in six weeks, and if we were to, it would be to abandon thousands of poor, sick, suffering wretches to a fate that ought to shock the entire world. Sick, foodless, naked, and not one doctor and no medicine among them; whole cities scourged and left to their fate, to die without a hand raised to help excepting the three or four resolute missionaries, tired, worn, God-serving, at their posts until they drop. The civilized world running over with skilful physicians, and not one there; no one to arrange to get them there; to pay expenses, take special charge and thus make it possible for them to go. In the name of God and Humanity this field must be carried, these people must be rescued; skill, care, medicines and food for the sick must reach them.

IN THE TURKISH CEMETERY AT SCUTARI.

What does one care for criticism, disapproval or approval, under circumstances like these? Don't be troubled. We are fair financiers, not dismayed, and, God helping, can save our hospitals."

During this time the medical relief for the cities of Zeitoun and Marash was in charge of Dr. Harris. The report of the consuls had placed the daily number of deaths at one hundred. Dr. Harris' first report was that he was obliged to set the soup kettles boiling and feed his patients before medicine could be retained. Miss Barton's reply was a draft for $1,000, with the added despatch: "Keep the pot boiling; let us know your wants."

She succeeded in finding four Greek physicians, who sailed May 11th, through perplexing delays of shipping, taking with them large and useful medical supplies and delicacies for the sick, as well as several large disinfecting machines which were loaned by the Turkish Government.

The apathy to which the state of utter poverty, together with their grief and fear, had reduced the inhabitants, was by no means the smallest difficulty to be overcome. Here was realized the great danger felt by all—that of continued almsgiving, lest they settle down into a condition of pauperism, and thus, finally starve from the inability of the world at large to feed them. The presence of a strange body of friendly working people coming thousands of miles to help them, awakened a hope and stimulated the desire to help themselves. It was a new experience that these strangers dared to come to them.

Although the aforetime home lay a heap of stone and sand, and nothing belonging to it remained, still the land was there, and when seed to plant the ground and the farming utensils and cattle were brought to work it with, the faint spirit revived, the weak, hopeless hands unclasped, and the farmer

CISTERN OF THE THOUSAND COLUMNS, STAMBOUL.

stood on his feet again; and when the cities could no longer provide the spades, hoes, ploughs, picks, and shovels, and the crude iron and steel to make them was taken to them, the blacksmith found again his fire and forge and travelled weary miles with his bellows on his back. The carpenter again swung his hammer and drew his saw. The broken and scattered spinning wheels and looms, from under the storms and debris of winter, again took form and motion, and the fresh bundles of wool, cotton, flax, and hemp, in the waiting widow's hand brought hopeful visions of the revival of industries which should not only clothe but feed.

SECTION OF THE RED CROSS CARAVAN.

At length, in early June, the great grain fields of Diarbekir, Farkin and Harpoot valleys, planted the year before, grew golden and bowed their heavy spear-crowned heads in waiting for the sickle. But no sickles were there, no scythes, not even knives, and it was a new and sorry sight to see those poor, hard, Asiatic hands trying by main strength to break the tough straw or pull it up by the roots. This state of things could not continue, and their sorrow and pity gave place to joy when they were able to drain the cities of Harpoot and Diarbekir of harvest tools, and turned the work of all the village blacksmiths to the manufacture of sickles and scythes, and of the flint workers upon the rude threshing machines.

Even while this saving process was going on, another condition no less imperative arose. These fields must be replanted for the coming year, or starvation had been simply delayed. Only the strength of their old-time teams of oxen could break up the hard sod and prepare for the fall sowing. Not an animal—ox, cow, horse, goat or sheep had been left. All had been driven to the Kurdish mountains. When Mr. Wood's telegram came to Miss Barton, calling for a thousand oxen for the hundreds of villages, some of which were very large, she thought of her not rapidly swelling bank account, and all that was needed everywhere else, and replied accordingly. But when, in return, came the telegram from the Rev. Dr. Gates, president of

Harpoot College, saying that the need of oxen was imperative, that unless the ground could be ploughed before it dried and hardened, it could not be done at all, and the next harvest would be lost, and that "Mr. Wood's estimate was moderate," she loosened her grasp on the bank account and directed the financial secretary to send a draft for 5,000 liras ($22,000), for the purchase of cattle and the progress of the harvest of 1897.

HARPOOT RUINS.

Unheard of toil, care, hard riding day and night, with risk of life, were all involved in the carrying out of that order. Among the uncivilized and robber bands of Kurds, the cattle that had been stolen and driven off must be picked up, purchased and brought back to the waiting farmers' field. There were routes so dangerous that a brigand chief was selected by those understanding the situation as the safest escort for the relief agents.

At length the task was accomplished. One by one the expeditions closed and withdrew, returning by Sivas and Samsoun and coming out by the Black Sea. With the return of the expeditions, the field was closed, but subsequent to this, before leaving Constantinople, funds came amounting to $15,000. This was happily placed with the Board of Foreign Missions at Stamboul, and is now being employed in the building of little houses in the interior as a winter shelter and protection where all had been destroyed.

On August 9th, Miss Barton and her little company started home by way of the Black Sea and the Danube, reaching London August 24th. Here, the news of the terrible August massacre in Constantinople reached them. Miss Barton offered to return to her field of toil, but quiet being restored, she continued her journey, reaching New York September 12th, after eight months' strenuous toil for the relief of the Armenian

victims of Turkish persecution, having distributed $116,326.01, to which one-third should be added, as much of the relief was in raw material for labour.

It is safe to say that seldom, if ever, have contributions no greater in extent accomplished so beneficent results. It must be remembered, however, that large sums were sent through British channels and distributed by British consuls and agents. To these must be added the donations of Canada, sent through Dr. W. B. Geikie, amounting to $17,037.52. In addition to this the Montreal Witness fund amounted up to February 23rd to $15,104.90, making together $32,142.42. Other sums have been sent from Canada through other channels.

Other large sums were also sent from America to missionaries and other special agents in Armenia. It is one of the noblest features of our Christian civilization that no cry of suffering or want in any land—the famine wail of Russian peasants, the woes of Armenian victims of Turkish persecution, the bitter cry of the plague-smitten Ryots of India—can be heard without calling forth a generous response from Christian hearts and the loving ministrations of Christian hands.

The need of relief has by no means passed away. Many thousands of orphans are being succoured in orphanages, many desolated homes need to be restored, and fallow fields to be retilled. The American National Red Cross will still forward funds for this important purpose of helping the Armenians.

EASTER.

Lift up your heads, ye sorrowful! Behold,
  The dawn of Easter floods the hills with flame!
  The sun burns like the light of God's great name,
Where heaven's blue courts are flushed with blushing gold.
Let day break in thy heart, and be consoled!
  Oh, let no more the night thy gladness claim.
  Let Hope arise from out thy doubt and shame,
As Christ, from death, rose glorified of old.

Thy spirit is a breathing of thy God,
  Pulsating in its chrysalis of clay.
The dust that tires thy feet that onward plod
  Is of the night, but thou art of the day.
Oh, let henceforth that day from Him grow fair,
And thou shalt hold an inner Easter there!

I faltered in the storm and gloom, and prayed
  That I might touch the hand of Christ, and know
  His might to lead me from my doubt and woe:
But when my fingers, trembling and afraid,
Upon His gentle, loving palm were laid,
  I felt the prints that let His life's blood flow
  In Calvary's dark tumult, years ago,
When heaven grew black and Pilate stood dismayed.

But when I gazed upon His face, I cried,
  "Oh, beautiful!" and bowed my head in shame.
Now never more my soul, dissatisfied,
  Shall doubt because my pilgrim feet are lame.
But I shall hear His footsteps at my side,
  And on my heavy cross shall shine His name!

THE CABOT QUADRICENTENNIAL.*

SEBASTIAN CABOT.

On a blithe summer day, the twenty-fourth of June, four hundred years ago, a little group of daring adventurers on board the good ship Matthew, a weather-stained barque, scarce larger than a cockboat, after many weeks of buffeting the sea, saw the low loom of land above the far horizon. Right glad they were to rest their eyes on its green summer verdure, and to tread upon the shore, which they named Tierra Prima Vista—the Land First Seen, of the American continent. Of this they took possession in the name of his Britannic Majesty, Henry VII. John Cabot thus created a claim of Britain to the vast North American possessions which she still holds. It is exceedingly appropriate, therefore, to celebrate in the Old Land and the New the four hundredth anniversary of this great event.

"Never, perhaps, was a voyage of discovery, the consequences of which were so far-reaching, entered upon with less pomp and circumstance. No diary was kept on board the Matthew. The records of the enterprise which have come down to us were written long afterwards, and are of the most meagre and unsatisfactory description. 'The English,' says Carlyle, 'are a dumb people. Like the old Romans, and some few others, their epic poem is written on the earth's surface: England, her mark.'" *

The story of the Cabots is thus told by Prof. John Fiske:

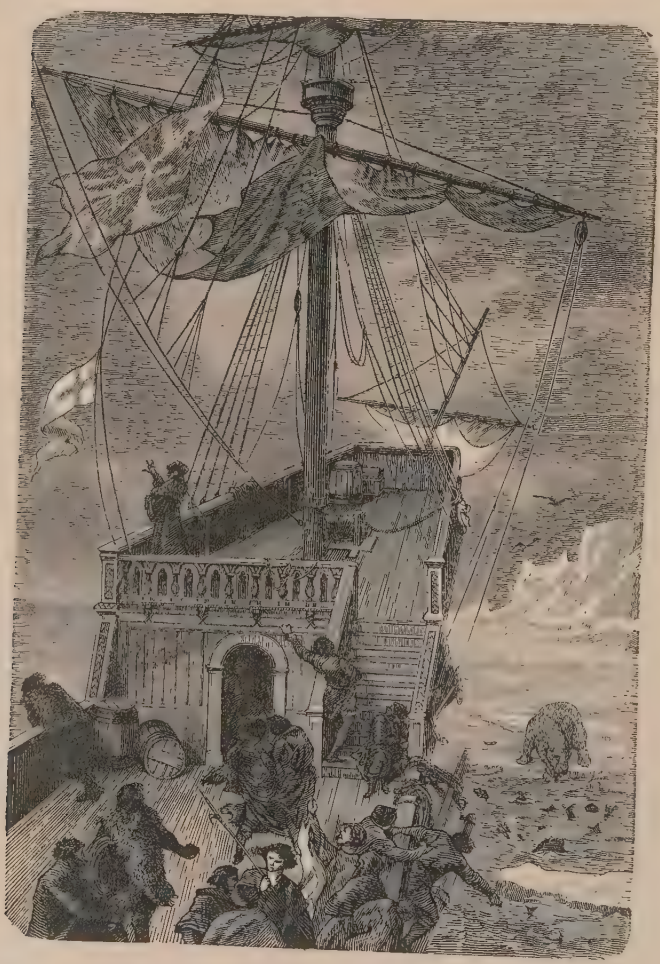
"John Cabot, a native of Genoa, moved thence to Venice, where, after a residence of fifteen years, he was admitted to full rights of citizenship in 1476. He married a Venetian lady and had three sons, the second of whom, Sebastian, was born in Venice some time before March, 1474. Nothing is known about the life of John Cabot at Venice, except that he seems to have been a merchant and mariner, and that once in Arabia, meeting a caravan laden with spices, he made particular inquiries regarding the remote countries where such goods were obtained. It is not impos-

* In honour of this event the Royal Society of Canada will hold its annual session in the city of Halifax, June 21st to 26th. A brass tablet commemorating Cabot's discovery will be placed with due ceremony in the legislative building, the oldest structure of the kind in the oldest maritime city of the region first seen by the famous navigator. Invitations have been extended to the corporation of the city of Bristol, from which the Matthew sailed, to the city of Venice, from which Cabot came, and to many notable men of the United States and Europe, to take part in this celebration. It is proposed also to erect an obelisk at Sydney, Cape Breton, as a memorial of the landfall of Cabot's first voyage.

For the present article we are indebted largely to Professor John Fiske's admirable volumes on the "Discovery of America," to a paper by Justin Winsor, LL.D., read before the New York Historical Society, to the transactions of the Royal Canadian Society, to Hatton and Harvey's History of Newfoundland, and other available material.

* Hatton & Harvey's History of Newfoundland. Pp. 3-4.

sible that he may have reasoned his way, independently of Columbus, to the conclusion that those countries might be reached by sailing westward; but there is no



CABOT ON THE SHORES OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

evidence that such was the case. About 1490, Cabot moved to England with his family, and made his home in Bristol.

"Bristol was then the principal seaport of England, and the centre of trade for the Iceland fisheries. The merchants of that town were fond of maritime enterprise, and their ships had already ventured some distance out upon the Atlantic. William of Worcester informs us that in the summer of 1480 the wealthy merchant, John Jay, and another, sent out a couple of ships, one of them of eighty tons burthen, com-

manded by Thomas Lloyd, 'the most scientific mariner in all England,' in order to find 'the island of Brazil to the west of Ireland,' but after sailing the sea for nine weeks without making any discovery, foul weather sent them back to Ireland. From a letter of Pedro de Ayala, one of the English friends with much admiration. To have reached the coast of China by sailing westward was declared a wonderful achievement, and it was resolved to go and do likewise. On the 21st of January, 1496, the Spanish Ambassador, Puebla, informed his sovereigns that 'a person had

ST. MARY'S REDCLIFFE CHURCH, BRISTOL.

Spanish embassy in London in 1498, it would appear that several expeditions, beginning perhaps as early as 1491, may have sailed from Bristol, at the instigation of John Cabot, in search of the islands of Brazil and Antilia.

"We are told that the news of the first voyage of Columbus was received by the Cabots and their

come, like Columbus, to propose to the King of England an enterprise like that of the Indies.' On the 28th of March, the sovereigns instructed Puebla to warn Henry VII. that such an enterprise could not be put into execution by him without prejudice to Spain and Portugal. But before this remonstrance arrived, the

king had already issued letters patent, authorizing John Cabot and his three sons 'to sail to the east, west, or north, with five ships carrying the English flag, to seek and discover all the islands, countries, regions, or provinces of pagans in whatever part of the world.' The expedition must return to the port of Bristol, and the king was to have one-fifth of the profits. By implicitly excluding southerly courses, it was probably intended, as far as possible, to avoid occasions for conflict with Spain or Portugal.

"The voyage seems to have been made with a single ship, named the Matthew, or Matthews, after the evangelist, or perhaps after some English patron. The crew numbered eighteen men. Sebastian Cabot may quite probably have accompanied his father. They sailed from Bristol early in May, 1497, and discovered what was supposed to be the Chinese coast, 'in the territory of the Grand Cham,' on the 24th of June. By the end of July they had returned to Bristol, and on the 10th of August we find thrifty Henry VII. giving 'to hym that founde the new isle' the munificent largess of £10 with which to celebrate the achievement.*

"The news in England seems to have taken the form that Cabot had discovered the isles of Brazil and the Seven Cities, and the kingdom of the Great Khan. A Venetian gentleman, Lorenzo Pasqualio, writing from London, August 23, 1497, says that 'honours are heaped upon Cabot, he is called Grand Admiral, he is dressed in silk, and the English run after him like madmen.'"

"Where John Cabot made his landfall on his first voyage has been much discussed. Happily, all doubts on this subject have been removed by the discovery a few years since of a map made by or under the direction of Sebastian Cabot, and bearing the date of 1544. This valuable chart places the 'Prima Vista' near the eastern point of the present island of Cape Breton. As Sebastian Cabot was his father's companion and assistant on this voyage, and was famous for his skill in chart-making, this map must be considered as the most trustworthy of the earlier charts of the coasts. It is probable, from a letter of Lorenzo Pasqualio, a Venetian merchant then residing in London, which contains the best account extant of Cabot's first voyage, that after passing 'Prima Vista,' the eastern point of Cape Breton, he steered in a north-westerly direction, passed through Northumberland Strait, round Prince Edward Island (which is laid down quite correctly in the map), sighting the coast near Miramichi, then turned his prow north-easterly till he fell in with the Labrador coast, passing to the north of Newfoundland, homeward through the straits of Belle

*"The most careful researches in the English archives have failed to bring to light any other official notice of the discovery. It is but fair to state that, in purchasing power, £10 were then equal to £40 in our day, though it must be allowed a continent was cheap even at that figure. In this confused world genius must usually be content with other rewards than fame or money. What renders Henry's stinginess more flagrant was the fact that in the patent he granted to the Cabots he stipulated that the enterprise should be carried out 'upon their own proper costs and charges'; but that 'the foresaid John and his sonnes and heirs be bounden of all the fruites, gaines, and commodities growing of such navigation, to pay unto us, in wares or money, the fifth part of the capital gaine so gotten.' We are inclined to think there is much justice in the opinion that it is probable the entry does not refer to Cabot; but that it is quite likely the king should have sent or given with his own hand such a reward to a sailor who from his faithful watch at the mast-head was the first to cry 'Land ho!' on the coast of North America."—*Hatton and Harvey.*

Isle. In this map, by Cabot, Newfoundland is laid down as a group of islands, possibly from imperfect sights of its high lands obtained in foggy weather, which would make it appear to a voyager a cluster of islands rather than a single one. The fact remains, however, that Cabot was the discoverer of the island on his first voyage ; and also of the continent of America.* He noticed

John Cabot, authorizing him to impress six English ships, to enlist volunteers, "and theym convey and lede to the lande and iles of late founde by the seid John in oure name and by oure commandment" ; and ordering "all and every oure officers, ministers, and subjects to succour the seid John, his deputy, etc." "John Cabot did not go out on the second expedition, which was entrusted to

REREDOS, ST. MARY REDCLIFFE CHURCH, BRISTOL.

the abundance of codfish, however, in the waters about Newfoundland, and declared that the English would no longer need to go to Iceland for their fish."

On the 3rd of February, 1498, the king granted a new patent to Sebastian, then but twenty-three years of age, and who from this time took the place of his father as a discoverer. According to Peter Martyr, on this second voyage he sailed along the coast of Labrador, to the latitude of 60 degrees north, where he says he found the longest day eighteen hours.

"Deterred by immense masses of floating ice, and by the intense cold, Sebastian turned his course to

*Judge Prowse, of Newfoundland, stoutly contends for Bona Vista in that island as the landfall of Cabot. But Dr. Moses Harvey, also of Newfoundland, and the best authorities, agree that it was at or near Sidney, C.B.—*Hatton and Harvey*, 5-8.

the west, refitted at the Baccalaos, or Codlands, which embraced Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and Cape Breton, and coasted south to the 38th degree, whence he returned to England. Thus, by right of discovery, this great man secured for England on this voyage 'a claim to the whole coast of America, from the burning sands of Florida to the ice-bound shores of Hudson's Bay.' In a third expedition he is said to have sailed as far south as Cuba."

There is no record of John Cabot after this period. It is probable that he sailed as commander of the second expedition, and it has been supposed that he may have died upon the voyage, leaving the command to his son Sebastian. No monument has ever been erected to perpetuate the memory of one of the noblest and bravest men who ever trod the deck of an English ship. He gave a continent to England; and in all that wide region there is

ST. PETER'S HOSPITAL, BRISTOL.

not a cape, headland, or harbour called by his name, except one small island off the eastern shores of Newfoundland. "He gave England an empire, and no man knows his burial place." *

Sebastian Cabot married a Spanish lady, and seems to have gone to Spain soon after the death of Henry VII. He entered the service of Ferdinand of Aragon, October 20, 1512. In 1518, Charles V. appointed him Pilot Major of Spain. We shall presently find him at the congress of Badajoz in 1542. From 1526 to 1530 he was engaged in a disastrous expedition to the river La Plata, and on his return he was thrown into prison because of complaints urged against him by his mutinous crews. The Council of the Indies condemned him to two years of exile at Oran, in Africa, but the emperor seems to have remitted the sentence as unjust, and presently he returned to the discharge of his duties as Pilot Major. In 1548 he left the service of Spain and went back to England, where he was appointed governor of a company of merchants, organized for the purpose of discovering a north-east passage to China. This enterprise opened a trade between England and Russia, by way of the White Sea; and in 1556 the Muscovy Company received its charter, and Sebastian Cabot was appointed its governor. He seems to have died in London in 1557, or soon afterwards.

HENBURY CHURCH, BRISTOL.

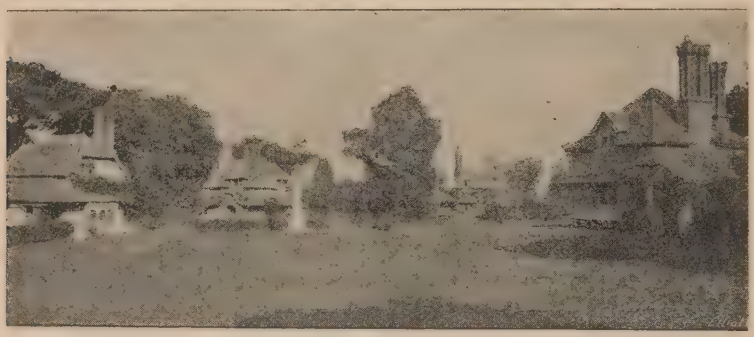
Very notable and far-reaching results followed Cabot's discovery of the mainland of America, and from Britain's claim founded

* Curiously enough an insignificant cape in Lake Huron bears the name of Cabot's Head.

thereon : "It expunged the Line of Demarcation drawn by Pope Alexander after the voyage of Columbus dividing the New World between Spain and Portugal, it saved North America from Spanish 'civilization.' The voyage of Cabot, though for a time almost lost to sight, opened a great epoch, a monumental era. It laid the foundation of British power in America, and fixed the character of the civilization that should ever prevail in this land. Potentially, that little ship, the 'Matthew of Bristol,' tossing on her way to the unknown West, was laden with seeds of Empire. Our destiny here on this continent was fixed by that adventurous voyage, made four hundred years ago."

"With the meteor-flag," says Dr. Justin Winsor, "has spread the masterful speech of England. Thus it was that a Hudson Bay factor, at the trading stations on Nelson River, received his orders in the commercial phrase of Fenchurch Street in London. Thus it was that the Knickerbockers of New York, the Scotch-Irish of Pennsylvania and of the valleys of Virginia; the Swiss and Huguenot of the Carolinas, and the Salzburger of Georgia were being indoctrinated with English law, couched in the language of Shakespeare and Bunyan. Over them all streamed the same flag, which had fluttered in the shore breezes upon the little Matthew in 1497, and had flaunted in defiance when Drake and other west countrymen hung upon the flanks of the Spanish Armada.

"On the completion of four hundred years from that summer's dawn, when the sun dispelled the damp and lay the warmth of its beams all the way from icy Labrador to coralled Florida, with not a Christian soul to greet it, we may well pause to scan the portentous annals which have followed.



HENBURY COTTAGE, BRISTOL.

"Since the Matthew hove to, and John Cabot threw the lead and first felt the rebound from American land as it trembled along the slackening line, a like thrill has been repeated in every new sounding of the depths of English power throughout this broad continent, from that day to this, through four centuries of renown !"

Another distinguished American, the Rev. Dr. de Costa, seeks to make a joint celebration of the Cabot Quadrennial, a new tie of friendship between our kind and peoples in the following appeal :

This is not only the four-hundredth anniversary of the voyage of Cabot, but also of the voyage of Vasco de Gama, who opened the route to India by the way of the Cape of Good Hope at the very time when Cabot was marking a new track on the western sea. To-day Victoria is Empress of India, and it would seem as though the great navigators, whatever may have been their nationality, were designed to be instruments of Providence in advancing the power and influence of the great English-speaking people, of whom Americans form a part. God sent our English birthright, though an Italian brought it. Let us, therefore, never forget that, substantially, we are Englishmen, though we live on the western side of the sea, that we came of a stock that has passed through many a political convulsion and weathered safely and courageously many a storm. Indifference to this anniversary, with its splendid means for opening the mind to the lessons of the past and the hopes and duties of the future, would prove most unwise; nay, it would be almost criminal, since Opportunity, waving her signal, reminds us of the fact, that once neglected, she never returns. What then, for instance, might properly be regarded as the duty and privilege of the Pulpit at this time? Have we no further use for the eloquent tongues and pens employed on the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the West Indies by Columbus?

Are the noble lessons that might be drawn from Father Land and Mother Country, the land of Magna Charta and free thought, the land of Wycliffe and the Reformation, less power, less inspiration and charm than the story of the land of the Bull Fight, of Torquemada and the Inquisition? If the blood of people at large will not kindle, may we not at least hear some word from the dignified hierarchy so soon to assemble at Lambeth Palace from both England and America, from all parts of the English-speaking world, from the isles of the sea? Let Puritan and Prelate join in a celebration.

CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE, BRISTOL.

The American and the English nations have a common interest in this great theme, and should unite in some suitable recognition of the voyage of the Matthew under Cabot, who challenged the Storm Spirit of the Atlantic and struggled with adverse waves until that eventful morning when North America first rose to the sight of English eyes from behind the western sea.

There is a diversity in government; but when present differences have been generously adjusted it will be found that the two nations form one people with a common destiny. The oneness was beautifully exhibited not long ago, when the people of the parish of Hingham, England, consecrated and used a silver chalice, and then sent it to the parish in Hingham, Massachusetts, inscribed, "One Body and one Blood." We have common language, literature, religion and law. The great names in English literature and history are ours, while already it has been admitted in a practical manner—so well have we improved our inheritance—that Americans are worthy of places in Westminster Abbey. Let us hasten, by the recognition of this remarkable anniversary, to cement the union; for there is

now a Treaty of Arbitration before the Senate of the United States—a treaty destined to extend the reign of peace and good-will among all mankind, a treaty that hitherto the ages have waited for in vain.

Queen Victoria, who in the days of our sorrow and distress has ever found electric currents all too slow for the message of sympathy she has been swift to send, now clasps hands across the ocean with the President of the United States. Once more the continent that rose to Cabot out of the sea four hundred years ago is becoming the hope of the Old World, which is now making discoveries here worth more than all the discoveries of the great navigators. Let us, therefore, improve this phenomenal occasion, and put it to a noble use by giving to the world all those splendid lessons to be taught in connection with the Quadrennial Anniversary of the English discovery of America.*

The following account of the ancient port from which the Matthew sailed, and where the Cabot celebration will be held at the same time as that in Canada, will be of interest in this connection :

"Bristol," says Elihu Burritt, "is a city worth going to see and study. It was the seat and point of departure of the English vikings and vigours when the old Norse spirit had only begun to be slightly softened by a Christian civilization. For just such men and for just such an age nature has found a port suited to every phase and faculty of their character. It was at the head of a little river that ran crookedly, at the bottom of a tremendous furrow ploughed to the sea through the rocks, nearly as deep and wide as the rift below the Niagara Falls. It faced the western world of waters, and its plucky old sea-kings turned their prows in that direction by natural impulse. One of them, the Elder Cabot, frosted his in the icy breath of Labrador before Columbus touched the main continent of America. One hundred years before Cabot sailed from Bristol, it had its guild of 'Merchants Royal,' and veteran sailors as daring and dauntless as the hyperborean tars of Eric the Red."

"For many centuries," says Mr. Canniff Haight,* "Bristol was the second city in Britain, and is still considered the 'Metropolis of the West.' Like old Rome, it stands upon seven hills, and also possesses a sister to the Tiber in the muddy Avon. Some parts of it are built upon level ground, and in others the streets are so steep that it is difficult to traverse them with carriages.

"There are but few places in England that present so many objects of interest to the archaeologist as Bristol. It was made an independent city by Edward III., but long before that it was a noted place and possessed some of the finest buildings and churches in Britain. Many of them have given place to more modern structures, but on all the older streets may still be seen those curious old houses with one story projecting over another as they rise, until the opposite gables almost touch over the centre of the narrow street. What grand places those upper windows must have been for gossiping dames !

"There are a number of interesting old churches whose history runs back to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and among them that of St. Werburgh, in which the Rev. John Wesley preached his first sermon in Bristol, 1777, and many others, which must have been familiar to the sight of the Cabots and their fellow-adventurers. Of the older churches, that of St. Mary Red-

* *New York Independent*, February 18th.

* To Mr. Haight's admirable volume, "Here and There in the Home Land," (Toronto, William Briggs), we are indebted for most of the cuts and part of the text of this article.

cliffe possesses the most interest. It was begun by Sir Simon de Barton in 1292, and, Camden says, is like a cathedral, and is the noblest parish church in England. Here may be seen, against a pillar, the rib of the famous dun cow slain by Guy, Earl of Warwick. This cow, according to the legend, at one time supplied all the city with milk. She must have been a good milker, and of goodly size, too, for the rib—probably that of a whale—brought home by some mariner—is about eight feet high.

STREET IN SYDNEY, NEAR CABOT'S LANDFALL, CAPE BRETON.

"Over the north, or grand porch, is a room corresponding in size and form with the lower one, which, doubtless, was formerly the residence of priests, and from this room is a passage communicating with the tower. At one time it was known as the 'treasury house,' but is now usually designated the 'muniment room,' in which are the remains of the chests in which Chatterton professed to have found the manuscripts attributed to Rowley. I tarried long over these rude and worm-eaten old boxes, and tried to picture the 'marvellous boy' strolling away from his mother and sister in Ryle Street, and with noiseless steps entering this dusty room up in the tower, not so much for the purpose of rummaging among the musty papers to be found there, as to sit in the sombre silence to read and muse. Strange fancy this, for a child not more than eight or ten to seek the companionship of those silent sleepers, and to linger for hours around the voiceless tombs.

"A monument has been erected to his memory, but it stands in an obscure place in the north-east angle of the churchyard. The Bristol people have been slow in recognizing the genius of the boy whose name sheds so much lustre on the city of his birth—slow to do justice to the poor lad from whom they withheld bread—and now, when they give to his memory a stone, they mar the gift by placing it in a measure out of sight, and without a word to tell the passing stranger that this

monument was placed here as a memorial of—

> "'The marvellous boy,
> The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.'"

A short walk over Bristol Down brings us to the fine suspension bridge, which stretches from cliff to cliff over the turbid Avon. It is about three hundred feet high and affords some very fine views. There is something about the rugged rocks, studding both sides of the river, that reminds one of our own Niagara—but here the resemblance ends. The sluggish Avon, now battling for hours with the encroaching tide, contesting every foot with the insweeping invader, until its fury is spent, and then pressing it back in triumph to the sea, is but a very sorry picture of the rush and roar of the clear waters of our own Canadian river.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "MATTHEW."

A Ballad of 1497.

BY THE REV. CANON BROWNE, LL.D.

'Twas high noon-tide in Bristol town, and throngs were on the quay,
And free speech bold and good red gold both ran right merrily,
When up the Avon's gentle flood, and under Clifton's height,
With crowded sail and merchant bale a good ship hove in sight.

Along the murmuring quay there pressed full many a merchant proud,
Before whose way, that August day, gave place the lowlier crowd;—
Canynges, who built the glorious church where now in peace he sleeps,
Four centuries dead, his hallowed bed Saint Mary Redclyffe keeps;

The brothers Mede in converse paced, whose memory lingers still,
For the good fame of honest name not even time can kill;
John Forty, too, whose bales of wool and broad-quaint Cotswold speech
His calling tell, who built so well the high church of Northleach;

And scholars from the ancient school with book and gown were there,
And monks as well, whom Austin's bell called oft to holy prayer;
Hither a pedlar with his wares, thither a scrivener ran,
Yonder there pushed, with stalwart thrust, a broad-thighed western man.

"What ship be this," the Guildsmen said, "that saileth here to port?
'Tis home she fares; the flag she bears is that of England's Court.
Know ye her dark-skinned captain? Know ye her mariners?
Speak up right well all who can tell what name and trade be hers."

Then as she drew abreast the quay the pennon floated wide,
Upon whose fold, in gules and gold, the symbol they espied
Of Holy Matthew, he who first wrote down the sacred story:
And all men knew both ship and crew, and knew them flushed with glory.

"Who is it, sirs?" a stranger cried; and one hard by out spake
"Master, this man whose face you scan his dwelling here doth make,
Yet was his birth in Italy—Cabot his name, I wis;
Back to her home his ship hath come—a fair adventure this.

"A year agone our gracious liege to him a charter gave
To seek and spy for lands that lie beyond the western wave:
And three months since the Matthew sailed, of Bristol men her crew,—
All that befell they sure will tell, marvels both strange and true.

"Aye, aye, good sir, full many a month he waited for the May,
Nor easily then found stalwart men willing to sail away
To lands unknown and perilous: for had they not good wives
Who bade them wait, nor trust to fate so hazardous their lives?

"For some men said, This Genoese leads but a sorry dance;
And others sware no lands there were across yon vast expanse;
And maids have wept these many days for lads gone forth to sea—
Now maids shall sing and joy-bells ring, and all folk merry be."

Down came Lord Abbot Newland, to greet
the ship and bless ;
With trumpet's blare down came the mayor,
gold chain and scarlet dress ;
And all old Bristol's civic pomp, and all her
merchantry
Full of good cheer the news to hear, flocked
down upon the quay.

Saint Austin's Abbey opened wide her an-
cient cloister, where
For silent space, to thank God's grace, John
Cabot knelt in prayer ;
Then to the city's council-house they led
him on in state,
That on his words might Bristol's lords in
hushed expectance wait.

"No man am I of Bristol town, good Bur-
gesses," he spake,
Yet with good heart, for sake of mart, my
dwelling here I make ;
My son Sebastian, English-born, some day
perchance shall tell
How his old sire bade him aspire to serve
your England well.

"Ye know with what intent and plan we
sailed three months agone
With the King's leave, and yours, good
reeve, and the Church's benison ;
The Matthew on her voyage far your hopes
and wishes bore—
To breast the wave, your city gave of sea-
men nigh a score.

"Days fifty-three we held our course, nor
hove in sight of land,
Till chilling mist our wet sails kissed ; and
dread and close at hand
Vast ghostly shapes of floating ice in aw-
ful grandeur shone—
Masters, I trow we were cold enow that
Birthday of Saint John !

"And much my men began to wish our
course lay toward the East,
For ne'er had we so cheerlessly kept the
great Baptist's Feast ;
When, lo ! about the hour when rings the
mid-day Angelus
With a glad surprise we raised our eyes, for
the sun shone clear on us.

"And right ahead, though far away; high
land at last appeared :
Sirs, could I tell how wondrous well your
Bristol seamen cheered !
For me, my heart was proud and glad, my
eyes with tears were bright,
All I could say, that hopeful day, was 'Land
at last ! Good sight !'

"We made the land at eventide, and the
banner of King Hal
With joyous care we planted there, and sang
our madrigal
In praise of Him who ruled our barque and
led us safely thither ;—
Ye will believe, when ye perceive what store
we brought you hither.

"'Tis a New Isle of passing worth, where
men may safely fare,
A goodly trade for all is made who shall ad-
venture there,—
Fish in great plenty, store of fur, and lands
which ye may claim :
The place, we hold, shall yield you gold,
and bring our England fame."

A messenger for London town post haste
his horse bestrode ;
The news he bare filled all the air along that
famous road,
From Berkeley's keep to Gloucester tower,
from Severn's water-way
To where the old sheep-pastured wold up-
rises gaunt and grey ;

Then onward through the ripening fields to
Oxford's ancient walls ;
Men cannot choose but heed the news that
wakes her stately halls.
Waynflete his building stays to hear, and
dreams his sons shall bear
From Magdalen's pile to that far isle the
words of faith and prayer.

Two summer days the herald rode, nor rest-
ed long till now,
Nigh spent his strength, he climbs at length
fair Windsor's stately brow.
"Room, room, a herald ! let him pass, high
tidings he doth bring,
Give place, give place ! he seeks the face of
our liege-lord the King."

King Henry listened to the tale, and procla-
mation gave
Of gifts and praise, through all his days, for
Cabot, sailor brave ;
"Good sooth, among our Admirals," the
King said, "he shall stand
Who sagely thus has won for us this realm
of New Found Land."

. . . . . .

Four hundred strenuous years have dawned
since Cabot sailed away,
And his lone grave, in earth or wave, man
knoweth not this day ;
His island holds his memory dear ; her chil-
dren love to own
That they belong, by ties most strong, to
England's race and throne.

Thine eldest daughter, Mother-home, right
well she honours thee
None of thy nest, in East or West, holds
truer loyalty.
Her children on the waters wild their busi-
ness occupy ;
Theirs a hard strife, a perilous life,—toilers
they live and die.

And shall for Cabot's ancient isle the days
of dole be past,
Her scourges dire, famine and fire, spent of
their strength at last?

We know not, we: but this we know—
wherever they may roam
Right lovingly her sons will cry "God bless
our Island home!"

Christmas Bells, St. Johns, Nfld.

JOHN CABOT.

BY ISABEL.

Ring out! St. Mary Redcliffe's bells!
The Matthew goes to sea;
John Cabot and his sailors bold,
Search out new lands for thee.

Spake well our own historian Prowse,
"No glamour gilds his name,"
And yet the brave old Genoese,
Stands out a mark for fame.

If faith unfeigned, and highest hope,
And courage calm and cool,
Bespeak the hero, Cabot then
Ranks foremost in the school.

And kinglier than their king, their wealth,
The British merchants gave!
You may be sure with words of cheer
To Cabot true and brave.

And doubtless with the sailor lads,
Went woman's love and prayers,
Adventure with its golden dreams
Can ne'er beguile their cares.

The May sun shone on Bristol towers,
And full, and rich, and free,
The hawthorn fragrance filled the air,
As they sailed out to sea!

Christmas Bells, St. Johns, Nfld.

God speed you Cabot! and your ship!
God speed you sailing west,
And send you health and happiness
Upon your dangerous quest.

Out past the lands to sailors known,
With compass good and true,
Still westward! westward! on he kept,
Whatever breezes blew.

Till on St. John's Day, with the sun,
Up rose a headland high!
And "Bonavista!" shouted loud
Brave Cabot to the sky!

. . . . . .

And back to Bristol town he sailed,
And said the New-found-land
Was rich in fish, and fowl, and game,
And all things good and grand!

The princely Bristol merchants gave
Him royal welcome home,
And Bristol joy-bells rang out clear,
From stately tower and dome.

And now we wish to honour him
With monumental fame,
That shall to future ages tell,
Our great discoverer's name!

THE MASTER IS RISEN INDEED.

Wherever a kind touch of healing falls soft on a wound or a woe,
Wherever a peace or a pardon springs up to o'ermaster a foe,
Wherever a soft hand of pity outreaches to succour a need,
Wherever springs blessing for cursing, the Master is risen indeed.

Wherever a soul or a people, arousing in courage and might,
To fling off the chains that have bound it, to spring from the dark to the light,
Wherever in sight of God's legions, the armies of evil recede,
And Right wins a soul or a kingdom, the Master is risen indeed.

So fling out your banners, brave toilers; bring lilies to altar and shrine.
Ring out, Easter bells; He is risen! for you is the token and sign.
Love draws the world onward and Godward. Ye are called to the front.
Ye must lead.
Behind are the gloom and the shadow. The Master is risen indeed.

THE BACH FAMILY.

BIRTHPLACE OF SEBASTIAN BACH, EISENACH, GERMANY.

In no department of science, art, or literature, has any single family ever achieved such distinction, either from the number of its members who have devoted themselves to the same pursuit, or the talents, genius, and learning which they have manifested in it, as that of the Bachs in music. Fifty individuals at least of this name, whose lives spread over a period of two and a quarter centuries, would deservedly occupy an extended space in any history of music.

Veit Bach, the founder of the German family of the name, was originally a baker by trade, a Protestant in religion, at Presburg in Hungary, whence about the year 1600 he was driven by persecution, with his family, and sought a refuge in one of the small cities of Thuringia. He had received a musical education, and was noted for his skill upon the guitar.

Hans Bach, the eldest son of Veit Bach, and the ancestor of most of those of whom mention will be made, was a manufacturer of tapestry, and town musician at Wechmar on Gotha. He died in 1626, leaving three sons : Johann, born in 1604, who was appointed organist and director of the city music at Erfurt, which offices he retained from 1635 till his death in 1673 ; Christoph, born 1613, died 1631, and Heinrich, also a famous musician.

The Bachs of the next (the fourth) generation were nine in number, all distinguished for skill in this oldest of arts. The two most eminent of these were Johann, Christoph, and Johann Michael. The former stands in musical history as one of the very first of German organists, contrapuntists, and composers of his era. He studied music with his father so successfully as at the age of twenty-two to be called to Eisenach to the service of the court and city, as organist. At

the time in which he lived but little music comparatively appeared from the press, and the works of one who lived the retired life of an organist in a small Saxon city could scarcely become known out of his own immediate sphere. His compositions, of which he left a vast number in manuscript, composed for the church and court where he officiated, prove, says Gerber, "that he was truly a great man, as rich in invention as he was strong in the power of musical expression of emotion."

A century after his death, at the time when Mozart, Haydn, and Gluck had become models in composition, selections from his works were performed in Hamburg with great success, exciting no small degree of astonishment by their freshness, beauty and freedom from the trammels of the dry contrapuntal school.

Johann Michael, brother of the preceding, was born at Arnstadt, about 1660, and became organist and city scribe in one of the Thuringian towns. He was an industrious and effective composer for the church, harpsichord, and organ. One of his vocal works, performed in Berlin a few years ago, surprised every auditor by its beauty and modern colouring. His daughter became the first wife of Johann Sebastian Bach.

The family tree gives seventeen Bachs of the next (the fifth) generation, of whom the most distinguished was Johann Sebastian Bach, in some respects the greatest musician that has lived. He was the third and youngest son of Johann Ambrosius Bach, born at Eisenach, 1685, one month after the birth of Handel at Halle, and died at Leipsic, 1750. At a very early age he lost his mother, and had hardly completed his tenth year when his father died also. The little orphan was then placed under the care of his brother, Johann Christoph, organist at Ohrdruff.

His enthusiasm for the organ and his zeal for music in other forms and styles at this period are sufficiently attested by his foot journeys to Hamburg to hear Reinke, the great organist. At the age of eighteen he journeyed to Weimar, and entered the service of the court there as violinist. His leisure hours were still devoted to the organ, to counterpoint and composition, and in less than two years, though hardly twenty years of age, he was called to Arnstadt to fill the place of organist.

Returning to Weimar, he exerted himself to the utmost, and his principal compositions for the organ date during the seven years of his service there. Here, doubtless, began the enormous list of works in every form of sacred music, which, mostly in manuscript, are preserved in the musical libraries of Berlin, Leipsic, and other cities.

In 1717, Marchand, then at the head of French organists, appeared in Dresden, and charmed King Augustus so greatly by his skill, as to receive an offer of a very large salary to enter his service. Volumier, also a Frenchman, the concert master of the king, invited Bach to the capital to a trial of skill with Marchand. With the knowledge and consent of the king, Bach sent his challenge to the French artist, which was accepted. At the time fixed, Bach appeared at the house of the minister where the contest was to take place. The king and company waited long, but Marchand came not. At length came news that he had left the city early that day by extra post. The greatness of the German organist, however, more than made good the loss.

At the age of thirty-eight, then, Bach, rich in all that study of

theory, hearing the best models of his age and country, practice as member and leader of orchestras, and constant exercise in composition for church and concert room, could give him, devoted himself to teaching and to the working out of his lofty conceptions of the musical art. Twenty-seven years he thus laboured, surrounded by his pupils and his large family of sons, composing music, sacred and secular, in all the forms then known, except the opera and dramatic oratorio, and leaving as the fruits of those years a mass of compositions which, for number, variety, and excellence, form perhaps the most astonishing monument of musical genius and learning. Mozart and Handel alone can at all come in competition with him in this regard.

Of the few works from his pen which appeared in his life-time, most are said to have been engraved upon copper by himself with the assistance of his son, Friedemann, and this labour, added to his others so numerous, finally cost him his sight. A few years later, at the age of sixty-five, an attack of apoplexy carried him to the tomb. He was twice married, and left ten sons, all of them fine musicians, and several of them among the very first of that great period in the history of the art of which Mozart, Haydn, and Gluck were the chief ornaments.

This great musician had no cause to complain of a want of due appreciation, either as organist or composer.

In 1747, he accepted an invitation from Frederick II., King of Prussia, to visit Berlin and Potsdam. Notice was given the king of his arrival in the latter city, just as a private concert in the palace was to begin. "Gentlemen," said Frederick, "Old Bach has come." The aged organist was instantly sent for, and without affording him time to change his dress, he was brought to the palace. The king gave him a theme for a fugue, which was so wrought out as to afford him the highest gratification, and he immediately demanded an extemporaneous fugue in six parts. Bach thought a moment, and, selecting the theme, worked it up, to the astonishment not only of the king, but of the several distinguished musicians present.

The Bach Society at Leipsic, having over 500 members in all parts of the art world, has been engaged since 1850 in publishing a complete collection of his works. Among them are found five complete sets of vocal pieces, for all the Sundays and festivals of the year; a great collection of oratorios, masses, Magnificats, Sanctus, pieces for birth, wedding and funeral occasions, and not a few comic compositions; five "passions," so-called compositions to which the accounts of the suffering and death of Christ, as given by the evangelists, furnish the text; more than 100 sacred cantatas are preserved in the library of the Thomas school alone.

As a virtuoso upon keyed instruments, Bach seems to have anticipated the wonderful effects produced in our own days by Thalberg, and even Liszt. In his own age he was in this regard—as has been said of Shakespeare as a poet—so far above all others as to have no second. Diligent work was the secret of his success. As he himself said, "He had often been compelled to study long at night how to play the compositions which he had written during the day." Perhaps the most striking points in Bach's compositions are the marvellous invention they exhibit, and their extraordinary grandeur, power, and science.

Of the sixth generation of the

Bach family, some thirty in number, the most distinguished were the following: Wilhelm Friedmann, eldest son of Johann Sebastian, born at Weimar in 1710, died in Berlin, July 1, 1784. His genius was of the highest order, and the progress which he made in childhood under his father's instructions gave rise to the brightest hopes for the future. In his early and extraordinary mastery both of the practice and theory of music, he seems to have more nearly rivalled Mozart than any other. In his twenty-third year he was called to Dresden as organist in the Sophia church. He remained there till 1747, when he removed to Halle as music director and organist, where he remained about twenty years.

During the remaining seventeen years of his life, without a fixed position, he was a sort of vagabond, teaching and practising music in Brunswick, Gottenberg, and Berlin, dying in a miserable condition at the age of seventy-four. This man was recognized by all his contemporaries as the greatest musical genius then living. Unfortunately he was also a man of execrable temper, rude in his manners, almost brutal; possessed of a professional pride which rendered him intolerable to other artists; absent-minded in the highest degree; and a drunkard.

During his long residence in Halle he was a constant source of trouble at the church of which he was organist. When on his way thither, he would sometimes forget his errand and wonder why the bells were ringing; sometimes he would enter the church at one door, forget himself, and pass out at the other. Sometimes he would forget himself while at the organ, and play on until the patience of priest and people was alike exhausted. In consequence of a severe reproof upon such an occasion, the now old man gathered up his worldly possessions and went off to Leipsic. His works are few in number, but are such as to cause every musician to deplore the sad waste of genius and talent which his life exhibits.

Karl Phillipp Emanuel, sometimes called the Hamburg Bach, third son of Johann Sebastian, was born in Weimar, March 14, 1714, died in Hamburg, Sept. 14. 1788. He was one of the most prolific composers of his time, and his works popular to such a degree that the list of those published during his life surpasses in extent that of any German composer, until the appearance of Joseph Haydn. He was equally great in all departments of composition except the lyric drama. The choruses of his oratorio, "Israel in the Wilderness," and of some of his more extended works for the church, place him nearer Handel, perhaps, in their power, beauty and ravishing vocal effects, than any other composer. Some of his collections reached their fourth and fifth editions soon after their publication. As a symphonist and writer of chamber music he held the first rank. Haydn was a most diligent student of his works, and declared in his old age, when he stood in the musical world with no rival but Mozart, "For what I know I have to thank Karl Phillipp Emanuel Bach."

Johann Christian, known as the Milan or the London Bach, the tenth son of Johann Sebastian, was born in Leipsic in 1735, died in January, 1782. He enjoyed his father's instructions until his sixteenth year, when, upon his death, he went to Berlin, and soon after to Italy. At Milan he was elected one of the organists in the cathedral. He was particularly noted for the richness, variety,

and beauty of his accompaniments, and the profoundness of his theoretical studies. Schubert says of his works: "His church music has great depth, but there is a certain worldly air to it, and one finds therein a sort of taint of corruption. This last of the great Bachs had it in his power to be whatever he would, and he may well be compared to the Proteus of Fable. Now he spouts water, now he breathes forth flame. In the midst of the trivialities of fashionable style, the giant spirit of his father may be discovered."

"ONE AND ALL."*

THE STORY OF THE TANGYE BROTHERS.

BY THE REV. W. S. PASCOE, D.D.

At Smethwick, a suburb of Birmingham, in the beautiful county of Stafford, England, but very near to the "Black Country," is a pile of buildings which covers three acres of land. It is a hive of industry, which furnishes employment for more than five thousand persons. For many years a variety of machines have been manufactured there, which have been used in some of the most important engineering feats for which the latter part of this nineteenth century has become celebrated. From the nearest railway stations this inscription, in letters more than six feet long, can be read: "Cornwall Works. Tangye Bros. Hydraulic Engineers."

This company has a world-wide reputation. Its products are used in every part of the civilized world. It has large business houses in London, and in Sydney and Melbourne, Australia. For some years a branch manufactory was carried on in Belgium, to supply the European continent with those machines, which had been extensively pirated by certain continental manufacturers.

There are several interesting institutions in connection with the "Cornwall Works." Among others,—a large dining-hall where the workmen can get a well-cooked dinner at a cheap rate; a dispensary, where two medical men and a dispensing druggist are to be found daily, their sole business being to attend to the health of the employees and their families; an adult Sabbath morning school, of three hundred members, with the necessary teachers; a well-furnished library; and science classes open to all connected with the establishment. At the cost of the company, a fund has been provided for giving £100 at death, or for making up of income in case of sickness or accident to twenty of the foremen and superior workmen. Another fund provides sums from £100 down to £25 to the families of workmen who may be killed while at work. There is also a fund for assisting widows and or-

* We are glad to learn that Queen Victoria has recognized the conspicuous merits of the great captain of industry at the head of this firm by conferring upon him the honour of knighthood. He is now Sir Richard Tangye—an illustration of the words of the wise man: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men." Dr. Pascoe, who writes this sketch, knows well the part of Cornwall from which the Tangyes came. Indeed, he was born not a dozen miles from their birthplace, and was a "travelling preacher" in Cornish Methodism forty years ago.—Ed.

phans of the work-people; and a sick-visitor, who was formerly one of the workmen, is occupied in visiting the sick. A well-devised plan is in operation by which the work-people can participate in the profits of the business without any financial risk to themselves.

In the public hall, concerts and lectures are occasionally given, and twice a week half-hour addresses are delivered during the dinner hour on subjects chosen by the men themselves. Every Saturday evening a temperance meeting is held. The members of the firm have long been total abstainers from intoxicants, and while not attempting to force their opinions upon their employees, they encourage temperance in every form.

This firm was the first to adopt the nine-hours work-day in Birmingham, which they did voluntarily, and the Saturday half-holiday was early adopted also. After twenty years' experience nothing would induce Tangye Bros. to go back to the old long working-day. They avowedly favour trades union among the workmen. Only on one or two occasions have they had trouble with the ruling spirits of those organizations, and they were of a very slight character and easily settled. Wages have never been lowered since the works were established. It is not wonderful, therefore, that Tangye Bros. have not been troubled very much with "strikes," which are only too common in the great manufacturing centres.

The "Cornwall Works" have had a phenomenal growth from a small workshop with one hired workman to its present proportions. Its proprietors sprang from the people, and owed nothing to the gifts of fortune. Here is a record worth reading :

"Our record has been one of unbroken progress. It must not be understood that we have been free from times of great anxiety inseparable from the conducting of great undertakings, especially during periods of prolonged depression in trade ; but amidst all such vicissitudes it has been a source of great satisfaction to us that we have been able to maintain wages at the same high level which prevailed in our most prosperous years. Knowing how much we owed to our education and training being somewhat in advance of our class, we long ago provided means at the works for instruction in reading and writing, and also in mathematics and machine-drawing and construction. Thanks, however, to the Education Act, we were soon able to dispense with and substitute for the former, classes for the teaching of French, Spanish, German, and shorthand, offering substantial advantages for proficiency in the various subjects. We no longer find it necessary to employ foreign clerks, the advantage of which is obvious when it is borne in mind that they are usually but "birds of passage," having left their own countries mainly for the purpose of acquiring information in English business houses."

When one reads of such an enterprise, made so successful by five brothers, who were born of poor parents, and that, too, mainly by their industry, tact, and Christian principle, the inquiry naturally occurs : Who were they ? and what were their environments in the formative period of their lives ? From the autobiography of one of their number, Mr. Richard Tangye, the above facts have been gathered. Other facts furnish the answer to the questions just propounded.

Some three hundred miles from Birmingham, there towers above the plain a mountain called Carn Brea. A person, standing on its summit, would look upon a country not much unlike the "Black Country" aforesaid. Scores of engine-houses dot the somewhat dreary landscape. They mark where industrious thousands like human moles used to burrow in the bowels of mother earth, to extract the ores of copper and tin

that nature had stored there. Many of those mines are deserted now, and the miners themselves rest in quiet churchyards, or are scattered over the world where mining is carried on. From the top of Carn Brea would probably be seen the small village of Broad-lane, in the parish of Illogan.

A family, bearing the rare Cornish name of Tangye, lived there. The father had been a miner, but was at that time a small farmer. The mother was a farmer's daughter, a noble woman, who was skilled in all the accomplishments that were "considered necessary for farmers' daughters when George the Third was king." These worthy people had five sons, who seem to have inherited a cleverness for mechanics, and to have been characterized by what the historian of the "Cornwall Works" says is a peculiarity of the Cornish people, doggedness and tenacity of purpose. They were industrious as well. The family had their home originally at St. Columb, some thirty miles distant, and came into view in the person of the father of the head of the family at Broad-lane. He had been an agricultural labourer in his youth, and had a rough training. He rented a few acres of "common," i.e., unenclosed land, so poor that he used to say "it grew nothing but furze and stones." It was not long before he made it as productive as a garden. To this he added the work of night-driver of the pumping-engine of a mine. He was wont in his old age to say: "I drove the engine for ten hours, worked on the farm seven hours, and wasted the rest of the day." And he lived without a doctor's help for nearly ninety-five years.

Of Cornish tenacity, of which quality the Tangye family must have had their full share, the following illustration is given. In Broad-lane lived a certain William R——. He was what cast-iron politicians would call a "consistent man." A neighbour, meeting him one day, said, "William, they tell me you say you are forty feet high, are you?" "Did I say I was forty foot?" "Yes, you did." "Then I ham," said William, and nothing could shorten him.

The people in the part of Cornwall where the Tangye boys lived were Celts for the most part, and, like others of their race, strongly emotional and clannish. The former characteristic was specially noticeable in their religious meetings. The clannishness of Cornishmen was wont to show itself in set battles between large numbers of people of different parishes in the days of our grandfathers. Mimic battles, which sometimes became real ones, took place between the boys from different towns and parishes, each side using the same battle-cry, but simply transposing the names of the parishes or towns.

But not these things alone helped the Tangye Brothers to make so broad and deep a mark on the times in which we live. West Cornwall is embued with Methodism. The district in which the Tangyes lived might be cited in proof of the saying of Bishop Philpott, fifty years ago: "Methodism is the mother-church of Cornwall." The Tangye family were Methodists, until the father of it seceded and became a member of the Society of Friends. The children, save one, had no special educational advantages. They all were sent to a dame-school when young, then to a school largely controlled by the parish clergyman. The third son of the family, a tiny fellow then and now, because he was weakly, and had, by breaking his arm, as was supposed, permanently weak-

ened it, was, by advice of his physician, sent to a better school at Redruth, and then to the Friends' school in Somersetshire, where he remained.

Four of the five brothers showed a genius for mechanics at an early age. The other, as remarkable a genius as the executive head of a large and growing business. Richard, the pupil-teacher, discovered that teaching was "not in his line." When, in his eighteenth year, he was released, he sought the position of a station-master on the West Cornwall Railway. He applied to his father's old fellow-workman, George Smith, Esq., LL.D., who was once a mine-carpenter, but was then the possessor of considerable wealth, and of an education which enabled him to become one of the historians of Methodism. Dr. Smith kindly said to the young man: "Take my advice, try something else; you are fit for something better than a station-master." He did take the advice, and, in 1852, obtained a clerkship in a small manufactory in Birmingham. He was no eye-servant. Not only did he show an interest in his work, but by his shrewd suggestions enabled his employer to extend his business considerably. His elder brothers found employment there also. The business grew rapidly. All the brothers seem to have acted upon the advice given to Richard by an old Quaker: "Thy father has left thee a good name. See that thou keep it bright."

Richard, with very small capital, entered upon a mercantile life. Friends who had confidence in his uprightness and ability aided him. His office was merely a desk in the shop of an old friend. His correspondence grew so large that one day his friend's partner said: "Your letters are now more than ours, so I think one of us must move. A new venture was then resolved upon, which Mr. Tangye thus describes:

"There are in Birmingham a multitude of minor industries, numbers of which are too small to require engines and boilers of their own. Consequently, factories have been built and let out in portions; the proprietors providing engines to drive their tenants' machinery, and 'selling' them the power. Accordingly we engaged a portion of a manufacturer's packing-room into which a revolving shaft projected, from which we drove the lathe, and for this accommodation we paid a rent of four shillings a week. Here I set up my first office, partitioning off a space of four feet square, the walls being made of brown paper stretched upon a wooden framing. . . . Two brothers still remained with our old employer, who also, for some time, provided us with work for the lathe. More work came, and at length we all decided to start together on our own account."

They soon, however, found a friend, whose employer held a contract for the supply of lint during the Crimean war, but could not make the lint fast enough. He came to the Tangye brothers, and asked them to make some machines for the purpose. They had no knowledge of how lint was made; but after examining a sample which the contractor produced, they undertook the commission. After some failures they succeeded. Mr. R. Tangye says: "We had now no doubt that our true vocation was that of machine makers."

While the elder brothers were engaged in making safety-fuse, an hydraulic press which they had made for covering fuse with guttapercha, came under the notice of the celebrated Brunel, and the new firm was destined to do some important work for that great engineer. One of the brothers had invented a new hydraulic lifting-jack of great power. Brunel had devised and built the Great Eastern steamship at Blackwall, on the Thames, and

was looking about for some means of launching her. She was built side on to the river, and had to be pushed bodily into the stream, with her broadside to the water. Brunel ordered several of Tangye's hydraulic jacks, although advised that they were not sufficiently powerful to effect the launch, with which opinion he did not agree.

The first attempt to launch the Leviathan, as the ship was then called, failed, and a life was lost. For three months a series of attempts were made in vain to launch her. One after another hydraulic jacks were added, and one after another they burst with the tremendous pressure put upon them. Brunel at last realized that it required about as many thousands of tons of pressure to move the load as he had provided hundreds. He therefore largely increased the number of the jacks and succeeded. Of this great feat Mr. Tangye remarks: "We launched her, and she launched us."

The power of the new machines being thus demonstrated, they were extensively employed in difficult engineering, much to the profit of the Tangye Bros. Four of them, each worked by one man, lifted to its place that great monolith, "Cleopatra's needle." When it was designed to bring the colossal statue of Rameses II. to England, it was, despite its weight, which amounted to 100 tons, lifted by these jacks from the sand at Memphis, where for ages it had been lying upon its face. A lofty chimney near Birmingham was lifted bodily and set on new foundations. In 1883, the great equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington was taken down from the arch at Hyde Park Corner, on which it stood, by the use of four of these powerful machines.

But we cannot follow all the steps by which from a small industry these Cornish brothers built up their great manufactory, and spread the use of their manufactures over the civilized world. Nor can we recount the difficulties they overcame, nor the frauds that were practised by those who pirated their inventions or their patents. An incident or two will throw a little light on their methods at least. Mr. R. Tangye was the executive head of the firm. The first time he visited London for the purpose of putting the products of their factory on the market, believing that a little perseverance would bring success in placing a valuable order, he day after day waited on a gentleman who, he said, "looked more like a duke than a tradesman." He saw a lifting-jack in the window of a shop. He entered and showed the lordly-looking proprietor his price-list, and was told to come again on the morrow. The morrow came, another visit was paid to the shop, and he was again put off until "to-morrow." There was still delay, but the Cornishman's "Cornish" was up, and he resolved to stay while supplies held out. He at last succeeded in placing a large order, but found that his funds had got so low that he could not pay for a railway ticket to Birmingham. He therefore set out at 2 p.m. and walked to St. Albans, in Hertfordshire. He obtained a bed for sixpence, and then expended twopence in bread and cheese. The next day he walked to Leighton-Buzzard, and finding that he had money enough left, he bought a third-class ticket for Birmingham. The firm became the sole manufacturers in Great Britain of an American steam pump. During the time they held the patent, they paid the inventor about £35,000 in royalties alone, so that their own gains must have been great.

In the building up of their busi-

ness, it was necessary that the executive head of the concern should travel extensively. He has been five times around the world, but we have not the space to follow his adventures. Are they not written in the "volume of the book," which tells the story of the firm?

It must not be supposed that all the time and all the care of the Tangye Bros. have been expended on the "Cornwall Works." Two pieces of advice given to Richard when he left his Cornish home, have not been unheeded. Writing of his mother, he says:

"My mother called me aside and told me she did not expect to see me again, feeling that her end was drawing nigh. She said she had not much to say to me, for if her life had not been an example to us, nothing that she could then say would be availing, and then, in earnest tones and with pleading eyes, she said, 'Make straight paths to thyself,' and I saw her no more."

Napoleon was right when he asserted that what the world needed was "mothers." For such a mother, any youth may well thank God. But it was not her advice alone which had a governing influence over the boy of eighteen, who was leaving his village home for the bustle and temptations of a great city. His old Quaker friend, who bade him guard the good name his father had left him, gave him another excellent piece of advice, which was never forgotten nor disobeyed: "Begin to give as soon as thou begins to get." We are not surprised to know, therefore, that these brothers became public-spirited men, giving thousands of pounds at a time for the better instruction in science and art of the working people from whose ranks they came.

And now in a green old age, they rest, the elder, James, in a pretty cottage near to the village where he was born, and which he greatly admired when a boy, and purchased when it came into the market. Yet is his rest not idleness. Since his retirement from active business, "he has trained many a poor boy to be a good mechanic in the beautiful little workshop standing among the flowers in his garden. Joseph is an active and useful alderman of Bewdley, where he, too, has fitted up a workshop, in which "he spends much of his time in making mechanical experiments and models." George, at Heathfield Hall, near Birmingham, once the residence of James Watt, finds ample time for what can interest one whose busy life has been so fruitful. The historian of the great manufactory has also sought a country home in the county of his birth.

Evidently these Cornish brothers heeded the advice of the wise man: "My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother. Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee. For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light; and the reproofs of instruction are the way of life."

That these five brothers fully understood the meaning of the motto attached to the coat-of-arms of their native country, the following testimony of Mr. R. Tangye shows very clearly:

"The previous career of each brother was peculiarly adapted to fit him for the position he afterwards held in the management of the concern. Until our business was firmly established, we all lived together, and the evenings were mainly devoted to discussing the

proceedings of the day and planning the work for the morrow. Some of my brothers' best inventions were made and elaborated after the day's work was over, each contributing his quota of suggestion, except myself, for I was the only non-mechanical member of the family. I have often thought that if we had not been 'abstainers,' a different history of our future career would have had to be recorded. I have sometimes heard the opponents of total abstinence ask, with a sneer, 'Who ever made a fortune by what he saved by abstaining from drink?' Suppose we had each our favourite club or bar-parlour, in which we spent our evenings after our day's hard toil, what opportunities should we have had for discussing the affairs of the day, or of devising new work for the next." No, it is just here where the saving is effected—not merely the cost of the drink, but of the golden opportunities of taking counsel together, and directing our affairs into one channel. This result was not obtained without the constant exercise of a spirit of "brotherly love," and mutual forbearance, and the bearing in mind of the old Cornish motto, which furnishes a title to this volume, "One and All."

Essex, Ont.

THE PROHIBITION PLEBISCITE.

BY ALDERMAN FRANK SPENCE,

Corresponding Secretary of the Dominion Alliance for the Total Suppression of the Liquor Traffic.

The year which Canadians will celebrate as the 400th anniversary of John Cabot's discovery of this new world, and also as the sixtieth year of Queen Victoria's beneficent reign, bids fair to be a most eventful year in the history of social progress and moral reform. In it the Canadian electorate will be called upon to express their will as to the further continuance, or the speedy suppression, of the legalized liquor traffic throughout the Dominion. This expression of opinion will be asked by a Government definitely pledged to obey the mandate of the ballot box, and to make Prohibition an accomplished fact if the people so desire.

The Canadian nation, in regard to the temperance question, stands in advance of every other Christian people. During the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1896, our per capita consumption of intoxicating liquors was less than four and one-quarter gallons. The per capita liquor consumption of the people of the United States was about seventeen gallons, and that of the British people nearly double this amount. It will thus be seen that, proportionately to our population, we consume less than one-fourth as much liquor as our American friends, and less than one-seventh of the quantity consumed by our brothers across the ocean. Taking the percentage of alcohol contained in the different kinds of liquors as a basis of comparison, it will be found that we consumed less intoxicants last year than in any previous year of our history for which records exist.

The rapid progress of the temperance reform will be realized by a careful consideration of the pre-

sent uniform recognition of its importance, and the vast influence it exercises, the fact being at the same time remembered, that the movement is of comparatively recent origin. The first English total abstinence society was formed at Preston in 1832. This had been anticipated by a total abstinence society organized at Beaver River, Nova Scotia, on April 25th, 1828, a society which is still in existence. The pledge then and there drawn up, and to which eight signatures were attached, was in the following terms :

"We, the undersigned, firmly believe that the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is injurious to the bodies and souls of mankind in general, both spiritual and temporal ;

"And to remedy this great and spreading evil, we whose names are hereunto annexed do forever renounce the use of such, except when prescribed by a physician as a medicine in case of sickness ; And we pray Almighty God to establish our hearts and strengthen our serious resolutions."

At that time, drinking customs prevailed to an extent such as at present it is hard to realize, the liquor traffic was practically unrestrained by legislation, and the direful results were beyond description. To-day, total abstinence practice is popular, and total abstinence sentiment is strong, in every part of the Dominion. Total abstinence has the encouragement and support of every Christian denomination in the land. Strong and influential organizations are specially devoted to its propagation. The national legislation of the Dominion, and the local legislation of every province treats the liquor traffic as dangerous and destructive. The laws relating to it are steadily increasing in stringency and effectiveness. A few examples of the important results that have already been attained will be instructive.

Under the Canada Temperance Act, a Dominion Prohibition local option measure, the liquor traffic is already outlawed throughout the whole province of Prince Edward Island. Prohibition, brought about in the same way, prevails in nine out of New Brunswick's fifteen counties, and in two out of her three cities. Partly through the same measure, and partly through provincial legislation, the liquor traffic has been so far suppressed in Nova Scotia that licenses are issued in only two out of the eighteen counties of that province. In Quebec there are over two hundred municipalities under prohibitory by-laws, enacted under provincial legislation, besides a large extent of territory that enjoys Prohibition through the Canada Temperance Act and the old Dunkin Act. In 1874, the Province of Ontario had in operation 6,185 licenses to sell liquor; last year the number of licenses issued in that province was 3,132. Under provincial laws three-fourths of the municipalities of Manitoba are free from the licensed liquor traffic. The tendency is all towards further restriction, and rigid as are our laws, they still lag behind the rapidly intensifying public sentiment that is arrayed against the traffic in intoxicating beverages.

The Dominion Parliament has at different times adopted strongly-worded resolutions, deploring the vast magnitude and serious character of the evils of intemperance, denouncing the liquor traffic as a menace and a peril to the national welfare, and making the following declaration on the question of Prohibition :

"That this House is of the opinion, for the reasons hereinbefore set forth, that the right and most effectual legislative remedy for these evils is to be found in the enactment and enforcement of a law prohibiting the importation, manufacture

and sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes, and this House is prepared, so soon as public opinion will sufficiently sustain stringent measures, to promote such legislation, so far as the same is within the competency of the Parliament of Canada."

A good deal of controversy has naturally centred from time to time around the question of whether or not public opinion was yet sufficiently advanced to sustain the legislation thus declared to be desirable and right, and various means have been suggested for the ascertaining what is the actual state of public opinion regarding the matter. Parliament at different times has discussed various propositions for the testing of the sentiment of the people by means of a plebiscite, but no definite legislative action grew out of such discussion.

In July, 1895, at a representative convention of the Liberal party of Canada, held in the city of Ottawa, the question of prohibitory legislation was considered. A resolution was adopted as a plank in the platform of the party, declaring in favour of a test of public opinion by a direct vote upon the question. The party thus committed to this policy was returned to power at the general election held the following year. A deputation of Prohibitionists waited upon the newly-formed Government to press the matter of prohibitory legislation. The Hon. Wilfred Laurier, leader of the Government, promised this deputation that a bill providing for the taking of a plebiscite would be introduced into Parliament at the session of 1897. The same gentleman has from time to time declared that when the plebiscite is taken, the mandate of the people as expressed in the voting will be accepted by Parliament and obeyed.

For years there existed a good deal of uncertainty as to whether or not provincial legislatures had a right to enact prohibitory legislation. Pending a settlement of this disputed point, the legislatures of several provinces resolved to test the feeling of the people on the question of the enactment of prohibitory laws. At the last general provincial elections in the provinces of Manitoba, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, and at the municipal elections in Ontario for 1894, each elector was asked to mark a ballot in favour of or against total prohibition. The result of the voting is shown in the table below : *

These figures may be taken as a fair expression of public sentiment, and as an indication of what may be expected from the national plebiscite shortly to be taken. The coming vote will, however, be of a more important character. It will be an instruction given by the people to representatives whose jurisdiction is not questioned. It is absolutely certain that the Dominion Parliament has power to enact a prohibitory law. The verdict of the people will be a definite instruction that can be, that must be, that will be, carried out.

Notwithstanding the marvellous

* Province.	Date of Voting.	Votes cast for Prohibition.	Votes cast against Prohibition.	Majority for Prohibition.
Manitoba	July 23rd, 1892	19,637	7,115	12,522
Prince Edward Island	December 14th, 1893	10,616	3,390	7,226
Ontario	January 1st, 1894	192,489	110,720	81,769
Nova Scotia	March 15th, 1894	43,756	12,355	31,401
Totals		266,498	133,580	132,918

progress that has been made in temperance reform, the liquor traffic, restricted though it is, burdens this young community with an awful weight of privation, sorrow, and sin. Our country has not the vast resources of older lands, and it suffers heavily from even the mere financial drain which the liquor traffic makes upon our limited wealth. The report of the Canadian Royal Commission estimates our annual liquor bill at $39,879,854. All this expenditure is sheer waste. If invested in nearly any other way the investors would have some return for their outlay. Now they are simply impoverished to that extent. During the last ten years, the toiling wealth producers of our country have thus been plundered of fully $400,000,000, not to speak of the extensive loss and waste that the traffic has indirectly entailed upon us.

Bad as it is, the financial loss is the least of the terrible evils inflicted upon us by this awful curse. Careful statisticians tell us that no fewer than three thousand lives are cut short annually in Canada because of intemperance. Cautious statesmen of wide observation and long experience have stated that not less than three-fourths of our criminal record is the result of the same everywhere-present evil cause. The report of a Commission appointed by the Ontario Government shows that, in this province alone, there were in ten years no fewer than 110,183 commitments to gaol for different offences. In 5,158 of these cases, the offenders were under sixteen years of age. In this Christian land, the law-sanctioned liquor traffic annually locks 11,018 women and men between stone walls and behind iron bars, like so many wild beasts, not fit to be loose in the community. Even these startling figures give no adequate impression of the soul-sickening evils which they represent. Every step in the downward career of every victim, was a step upon some weary, throbbing, bleeding heart. No pen can describe, no heart can conceive, the intensity and enormity of this appalling curse.

Law alone cannot abolish evil. It may, however, crush and cripple the cause of much that is destructive and wrong. This has been done in many instances. Common sense and experience unite in vindicating the value of the Prohibition plan. We have now an opportunity of making that plan a fact in our national life—a fact fraught with financial, social, and moral benedictions for our people. Prohibition is in sight. May God enable us to meet the responsibility which this crisis imposes upon us. The liquor traffic recognizes the peril in which it stands. Already there is sore anxiety in the ranks of our opponents. They are making preparations for a desperate battle, in which the very existence of their business will be at stake. They will fight as they never fought before, for never before was there a contest that meant so much to either the liquor traffic or the Prohibition cause.

Another consideration adds to the importance of our position. The campaign upon which we are entering will do a mighty work in moulding public opinion and quickening the public conscience in relation to the liquor question. It will be the greatest opportunity ever offered Prohibitionists for the creation and development of that sound sentiment and intelligent judgment upon which alone any law can safely rest.

In these facts we have the highest incentive to earnest, deter-

mined, judicious work. We must not let anything interfere with that work. Minor differences must be forgotten. Side issues and unimportant details must be totally ignored. Matters regarding which we have differences of opinion must lie in abeyance while we concentrate our energies on winning a splendid triumph out of this providential opportunity. The discussion of dead issues is worse than a waste of time. It is a dissipation of sorely-needed power.

A special responsibility rests upon the Christian churches. Of late years the storm centre of temperance effort has somewhat shifted its position. The few earnest devoted members of exclusively temperance societies, form to-day but a small part of the great temperance army, which finds its chief strength in the membership of churches and young people's religious organizations. The societies, with their trained and earnest leaders, can still be relied upon to do their share of fighting in the battle's front. They exercise, however, only a tithe of the voting power and the potential influence that we need in this great struggle. On the mass of our Christian workers rests the fate of our cause in the fast-approaching conflict. They must unite, and plan, and organize, and contribute, and work, and vote. They will!

The greatest danger that threatens us in this intensely-important emergency is the possibility of indifference on the part of those who ought to be roused to enthusiastic earnestness. We need every energy that can be enlisted for our cause. The efforts we make will be the measure of the majority that we shall record. The vote that we poll will be the measure of the value of the legislative results of our success. How vital is the issue! What sacred interests are at stake! Thousands of sorrow-crushed hearts appeal to us from depths of desolation and anguish for the practical sympathy of deliverance from the curse under which they groan.

If we do our utmost in response to that pathetic plea, we cannot fail to win a glorious victory "for God and home and Canada." Then will the Prohibition Plebiscite result in the redemption of our country from the cruel tyranny of a liquor traffic, enthroned, entrenched, and sustained by legal enactment.

IN THE JOY OF EASTER.

I say to all men far and near,
That He has risen again;
That He is with us now and here,
And ever shall remain.

And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His kingdom without end.

Now first to souls who thus awake
Seems earth a fatherland;
A new and endless life they take
With rapture from His hand.

The fears of death and of the grave
Are whelmed beneath the sea,
And every heart, now light and brave,
May face the things to be.

The way of darkness that He trod,
To heaven at last shall come,
And he who hearkens to His word,
Shall reach his Father's home.

—*From the German.*

THE CONGO FOR CHRIST.*

BY J. S. WILLIAMSON, D.D.

Among the most interesting of the mission fields of the world today, the Congo country must take a front rank. It is situated in the very heart of the Dark Continent, and contains about 1,000,000 square acres of land, with a population variously estimated from thirty to sixty millions.

Through the influence of Great Britain, Belgium, France, Germany, and other nations, in 1885 the Congo country was declared to be a free state, open alike to all the nations. Through the very heart of this country runs the famous Congo river, which crosses the equator twice, and at length, after a course of near 3,000 miles, enters the Atlantic through Lower Guinea. The Nile is the only other in Africa that exceeds in length or importance this wonderful river.

Little was known of this country until 1877, when Mr. Stanley completed his marvellous exploration, and gave to the world the information gained by his adventurous travels in this land of darkness. The following year, the Baptist Church sent their missionaries into this land, and at once began active work to redeem it from the superstition and darkness that prevailed.

The Livingstone Inland Mission was soon after started, but a few years of faithful work and this mission was merged into that of the American Baptist Missionary Union. Its founders, however, at once began work in other parts of the Congo country, and soon established the Balolo Mission, about 800 miles from the coast, and some 400 miles from Stanley Pool, at the mouth of the Luongo, one of the great tributaries of the Congo.

In 1881, the Swedish Missionary Alliance sent its missionaries to the Congo, and established stations at Mukimbungu, Kibunzi, Diadia, and Uganda, all on the Lower Congo. This band succeeded in gathering a membership among the natives of about 200 persons.

In 1886, Bishop Taylor, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with a band of twenty-four missionaries, set sail for the Congo, with the view of establishing missions along the Kasai river, an important branch of the Congo. The Bishop worked upon his well-known lines of self-supporting missions. Missions have also been formed, and are being carried forward with more or less success, by the American Presbyterian Society, the Evangelical Missionary Society, the Presbyterian Alliance, under Mr. Simpson, and the Roman Catholic Church. It will be seen that many of the Churches are alive to the importance of the work in this dark land, and are doing something to bring the Great Light to bear upon its gloom.

As we become acquainted with the condition of the natives and understand more the superstition and ignorance that abound, we become deeply impressed with the importance of this work, and the more clearly is the call heard coming from those who are engaged therein, and from those whose eyes are opening to see the Great Light, as they cry out to Christians in all lands, "Come

* For much of the information contained in this article we are indebted to a work on "Congo Missions," by John Brown Myers. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Co.

over and help us." Think of these poor creatures, many of whom are living almost like the beast and devoid of all knowledge of God and salvation, save a vague idea that some supreme being exists somewhere, that there is some kind of a future, and that the bad will in some way be punished. Think again of the superstition and ignorance on every hand. The native trembles before the witch doctor, and even kills his own wife when in his wild imaginings he fancies her bewitched, or is told that she is, by the witch doctor. He kills his own babe should the child be so unfortunate as to cut the upper teeth before the lower ones, which is an evidence that the child is bewitched.

The medicine man is almost a god to the natives, as he goes from place to place with his hideous collection of dead lizards, heads and nails of the dead, lions' claws, vultures' beaks, and the like. By these he is supposed to be able to impart help to the afflicted. In some parts there is said to exist the belief that if one can kill ten chickens, ten ducks, ten goats, ten children, ten women, and ten men, he will never die. To gain an end so desirable people are murdered in great numbers. The person desiring to obtain this immortality for himself, will dress in the skin of a tiger, and stealthily approach his victim, and by the use of concealed knives, will take his life. These people are called tiger-men and are greatly feared.

Another heathen custom practised in the Congo country is that of burying the living with the dead. One can scarcely imagine that superstition of this kind could take such a hold upon beings who were created in God's image. The higher the position the dead one occupied when living, the greater the number of lives that must be sacrificed. One instance is related of the death of a comparatively young man, when one of his wives was compelled to sit in the grave and hold the corpse of her husband in her arms while the earth was filled into the grave, and the poor creature, in this awful position, was buried alive. After this four others were beheaded to testify respect for the dead, and satisfy the superstitions of the tribe.

Fearless of death, these early missionaries, trusting in the power of God, devoted themselves to the work of correcting these customs, and putting an end to these barbarisms. But what a task was theirs. It must be remembered that most of the natives looked upon the white man as a witch, and watched every movement with a mistrustful eye. All the hardships and perils the first missionaries in this land had to endure, only the Great Day will reveal. Aside from the burning heat of the sun, the malarial fevers, so prevalent in tropical countries, they had other trials and suffering almost beyond endurance. Long journeys, scarcity of food, exposure to wild beasts, and wilder men, made the work one of truest heroism.

The pioneer band in their journey up the Congo, passed San Salvador, and went on to Stanley Pool. (This is an expansion of the Congo, 346 miles from its mouth, into a beautiful sheet of water, 44 miles in length, and in some places as broad as it is long.) The natives were determined that the missionaries should not pass their towns upon the river, as they believed them to be traders who wanted to spy out the land, that they might in some way rob them of their rights. They would say in answer to every entreaty :

"No ! no ! You white men

must stay on the coast. We will bring you produce as you need, but if you go on to Stanley Pool your will know our markets, our trade will be lost, and we will not be able to obtain guns, powder, beads, brass, crockery, knives, cloth, and all the fine things we now get. No, you shall never pass our towns."

Thirteen attempts were made by these heroic men and women to reach the regions beyond, but in every case they were repulsed, and at last one of their number was shot (though not fatally) by one of the natives. After so many failures, only determined men of God would have persevered. These did, and at last they were successful, but only to go forward to meet other difficulties. Sometimes the only way by which they could surmount rugged bluffs was by pulling themselves up by taking hold of the tufts of grass, or the roots of trees. Frequently the streams were crossed by wading or swimming. Sometimes a rough and very primitive kind of a bridge could be used, formed by swinging creepers from a tree on one side to one on the other. These were at times so dangerous (as they would sway to and fro) that it was with great difficulty that a crossing could be effected. After crossing in this risky way, the travellers would descend the tree like bears down a pole.

Occasionally the missionaries were betrayed by those whom they thought their friends, who were procured for interpreters and guides. These would lead them in the wrong direction, and when this was at last discovered, would abandon them, to find their way as best they could to some more friendly tribe.

After many weeks of hardship and weariness, the missionaries reached Stanley Pool. Their trials, however, are not ended. They find themselves surrounded by unfriendly natives, who are unwilling at first to admit them into their towns, but finally consent to place them in an inclosure containing a miserable hovel made of grass and sod.

The hideous-looking natives, with painted faces and bodies, and carrying formidable knives and spears, constantly hung around the missionaries' quarters. One of the chiefs had been heard to express a great desire for the cloth they carried, and also his especial liking for human ears and tongues.

Shortly after this experience, the little group was met just outside of the town by two hundred savages, hideously painted, armed with spears, knives, guns, and clubs, who rushed upon them with deafening yells. Some of the missionaries engaged the chiefs in a palaver (as the natives call it), to give the rest of the party a chance to fly to safety.

Later on, the Congo missionaries fared much better. By the kindness of friends small steamers were placed at their disposal, and they were thus not only able to travel the long distances more readily, but with a good degree of comfort and safety.

No wonder that with such a climate and such hardships, the death rate among these pioneers was very large. Over twenty of them in the first few years were called from time to rest, from sacrifice to glory, from this land of darkest gloom to the land where there is no darkness nor death.

The first of this heroic band called to lay down life's burdens and take up the cross, was the bride-wife of the pioneer in this glorious work, Mr. Comber. How sad the scene! Far away from home, and all early associations, amid savages and wild beasts, to

close the eyes, take a parting kiss, and say good-bye to the dearest one on earth, and henceforth to journey on in loneliness, cheered only by the prospect of helping souls for whom Christ died, to a brighter and a better life.

"Are you sorry you came to the Congo?" was asked of one of these hero martyrs, as he was just ready to cross death's dark river. Promptly came the answer, "No! No! I am very thankful I came. My work, it is true, is soon done, but many others will, for Christ's sake, come to carry on this work! I will soon be at home! O Jesus, soon be at home! I fear no evil, for thou art with me. Tell the boys at the orphanage to seek the Saviour. I'll look for you! I'll wait for you. Brethren, be of good cheer."

Thus died these martyrs for Jesus. How bright their crowns will be! Has the success of the Congo mission warranted the spending of so much money, and the sacrificing of so many beautiful lives? From a human or purely commercial standpoint, No; but, reckoning for eternity, Yes, a thousand times, yes. One soul for whom Christ died, saved forever, is worth it all. Let the shouts of praise to God from those already saved, mingled with countless multitudes who will ere long kneel at the Master's feet, be the better answer.

What heroic toil, what martyr-like sacrifices, what prayerful watching, what patient waiting, before the dawning of the day of victory came. A year passed, two, three, eight long years, before God rewarded their toil with even one convert. At length a boy, who was employed by one of the missionaries, having for some time given evidence of serious thought and conviction, openly declared himself a Christian and received baptism.

Another of these grand men who went to the Congo soon after the inception of the work, laboured for seven years in one place without a conversion. One day he spoke to them from the words, "Give to him that asketh thee," etc. The natives took the words in a very literal sense, and they resolved to take advantage of the missionary's teaching, and soon besieged him, each one asking for some gift. He, true to his text, gave to them till all he had was gone. This incident proved the beginnings of a great work. When the natives met to count up their gains, one of them said, This must be a God-man, or he would not give us all he had. Others fell in with the idea, and the feeling so completely took hold of these savages that the missionary was soon astonished to find all he had given to them returned. And they also declared their willingness to seek the Christ who gave all for them, and whose example had so literally been followed by His servant. Hundreds professed conversion and were added to the household of faith.

The first church formed on the Congo consisted of five young men, and was established in 1887 at San Salvador. This church now numbers its members by scores. At this place the first Sunday-school and day-school for teaching the boys were opened. Here, too, the first chapel was erected. It was made of bamboo palm ribs, and thatched with grass.

About the same time the other stations were started farther up the Congo, towards Stanley Pool and beyond, and the workers at these points are rejoicing in seeing not a few of the natives forsake their pagan customs, and embrace the religion of Christ.

To-day, converts in the Congo country are numbered by thousands, and the praises of God are sung by these sable sons of Africa.

Shall this land, with its teeming millions, be speedily taken for God? The door is open. The way is clear. The multitudes are calling. Christ is commanding. Will the church hear and obey? Will men lay their money on God's altar for the evangelizing of their benighted ones? Will holy men and women cry out in their eagerness to go to the work, "Here am I, send me"?

Shall the dawning of the twentieth century mark a grand forward movement in the world's enlightenment and evangelization? Shall the watchword be heard through all the churches, "The Congo for Christ. Japan, China, India, Africa, the world for Christ." If so, soon united Christendom will join in the glorious chorus, "The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ." And the voice of the Beloved will be heard by the saints of God in all lands, "Behold, I come quickly."

Mount Forest, Ont.

A COOL PROCEEDING.—FORDING A STREAM.

TOO LATE.

BY JESSE PAGE.

In the pale dawn, with wistful yearnings, stole
The weeping women to embalm their Lord,
And questioned, as they went, what power can roll
The stone away? When lo! they falter, awed.
The tomb is empty; sad is their estate—
Their fruitless spices they have brought too late!

O Christ! we, too, oft bear to Thee our balm
Of fragrant offering with but lingering feet;
We weep when we should win; we choose the calm
Of disappointed hopes, when 'tis more meet
To watch and war; e'en love may hesitate,
And miss the Master, when, alas! too late!

O Risen Lord! the stone is rolled away,
The heart, and not the grave, Thy dwelling now;
With Resurrection power this Easter Day
Our souls, our work, our inmost life endow.
Bid us and we will do! Thy word we wait:
Thou shalt not find our consecration late!

—*All the World.*

"TEN YEARS IN A PORTSMOUTH SLUM."*

BY THOMAS BOWMAN STEVENSON, D.D.

This book is the personal record of work done in the lowest part of a large seaport town by a clergyman of extreme ritualistic views and a corps of earnest workers who co-operated with him. The work is a "mission," and has an interesting origin. At Winchester is one of our great and ancient public schools, founded nearly six hundred years ago by William of Wykeham. It ranks with Eton, Rugby, and Harrow, and its scholars belong to the wealthier classes of English society. This school supports this mission, contributing to the stipend of the clergyman, the cost of building church and schools, and the maintenance of the many social activities which form part of the enterprise.

In like manner our great Methodist school, "The Leys," at Cambridge, supports a mission in one of the lowest parts of London. There are many other such enterprises in England. And they are valuable, not only as providing means for additional missionary work among the lowest of the population, but also as evoking and educating the sympathies of the most favoured youth toward their less fortunate brethren, and as in some degree bridging the chasm which divides class from class.

Ten years ago the Rev. Robert R. Dolling was appointed to this mission. I had better say at once that he is an unhesitating and uncompromising ritualist. He calls the service of Holy Communion a mass. He offers and encourages prayers for the dead. He hears "confessions" systematically and openly in his church. He speaks of the holy table as an altar. When ministering there he uses a cope and all the other emblematic millinery of his party. He is surrounded by "acolytes" in crimson cassocks, and fills his chancel with clouds of incense. It is hard to say what distinguishes him from his Roman confrere, except that he does not acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, and does acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Anglican bishop within limits which he defines for himself.

Now all this does not open a man's way to the hearts of Englishmen. They have no love for the priest as such. Any man taking these extreme notions into a neighbourhood unfamiliar with them creates a difficulty for himself. If he succeeds, he does so in spite of his views, not, in the first instance, by aid of them.

Now let us look at the area which Dolling had to cultivate. It is a "curious little island in this great town of Portsmouth. . . . The streets are, most of them, very narrow and quaint, . . . with Old-World, red-tiled roofs, and interiors almost like the cabins of ships. . . . Charlotte Street was from end to end an open fair; cheap jacks screaming, . . . women struggling under the weight of a baby; great louts of lads standing at the corners—you can guess from their faces the kind of stories they are telling; . . . slatternly women creeping out of some little public house. . . . Two notes were always making themselves heard; one

* We reprint from the *Christian Advocate* (New York) this remarkable account of city mission work.

was the poverty, the other was the sin."

Now from the general to the particular. Dolling says, "My first Sunday afternoon I saw for the first time a Landport dance. Two girls and two sailor lads were dancing a kind of breakdown, up and down the street, all the neighbourhood looking on amused, but unastonished, until one couple, the worse for drink, toppled over." Again: "You can imagine my feeling of hopelessness in conducting a service for children old in the knowledge, if not in the habits, of sin. . . . My first attempt reached a climax when two boys calmly lighted their pipes and began to smoke in the church. Only one remedy seemed possible—to seize them by the back of the neck and run them out of church. . . . Amazed at first into silence, their tongues recovered themselves before they reached the door, and the rest of the children listened, delighted, to a vocabulary I have seldom heard excelled. We had no sooner restored order than the mothers of the two lads put in an appearance. As wine is to water, so was the conversation of the mothers to their sons'."

Let these samples tell the character of the whole neighbourhood. All that poverty, drink, and generations of godlessness, reinforced by the peculiar wickedness of a seaport, can do to degrade and harden a population had been done here, and the effects were only too visible and too nearly universal. To conquer for Christ such a bit of civilized heathendom was the task Dolling undertook. In ten years he has raised and expended $250,000. There are a gymnasium, excellent schools, almshouses for old women, and a church of noble architecture. He maintained for several years a valuable penitentiary for lost women. He battled bravely against drink, and succeeded in lessening the number of saloons and almost wholly banishing from the district the vile houses too often found near them. The congregations at his church were very soon overflowing. Unlike most Anglican clergymen, he kept conscientiously a roll of communicants and maintained in reference to them a very effective discipline. Yet while on his coming there were but fifty communicants, ten years afterward, on the Easter Sunday, over five hundred actually received the elements. To have achieved such results is indeed a triumph of faith, devotion, and energy. How was it done?

First, by tremendously hard work. There is no "eight hours' day" for men who accomplish such tasks. A quaint Methodist minister of the early times used to say that he never felt he had done a good day's work if he was not "too tired to take his own stockings off at night." Dolling, though a man of great size and strength, must often have felt like Hodgson Casson. He seldom rose much after five o'clock in the morning, though he was frequently disturbed in the night by the demands of belated wanderers. He seldom got to bed before eleven o'clock, and every moment of the eighteen working hours was occupied. Each day in his church there were at least three services, each Sunday there were eight, and every first Sunday of the month ten. Of course he had assistants and it was not always necessary for him to be present, yet as the inspiring and controlling force he could not afford to be often absent. An enormous correspondence occupied much time. He took a full share in the public movements of the town, especially in the temperance crusade, in edu-

cational matters, and in the state relief of the poor. He put into ten years the work of two or three long lives.

Then he was a man of absolute fearlessness, and with a supreme contempt for conventionality. He tells us quite frankly that he was so poor that when he first visited the bishop he could not pay for his return ticket until he had pawned his watch! And when he had spent a quarter of a million on his parish he left it as poor as when he entered it. He treated everybody as a friend and brother. His socialism was not of the patronizing kind. What he believed he declared. There was nothing of the Jesuit about him, unless, indeed, an almost startling frankness is the highest finesse. He never hesitated to rebuke iniquity. He showed up the owners of unsanitary and indecent house property. He so denounced the prevailing iniquities of the saloons that a public meeting was called to condemn him. But he survived it all, and when it was rumoured that he would leave the town a petition for his remaining was signed in a few days by 5,000 people.

Again, he had intense sympathy with young life. Lads of all classes were soon at their ease with him. The rough hoodlums of the streets, the smart bugler boys of the regiments, the sailor boys of the navy—he could understand them all. He knew that the devil often lurks in the humours of an idle body. He therefore opened for his lads a gymnasium, and managed to get order there, though nobody else could, and even he had to fight for it. He treated human nature as the composite thing it is—made up of body, soul, and spirit.

Then he had a quick eye for good wherever he saw it. Extreme ecclesiastic as he was, he speaks thankfully of the work of Nonconformists, and was ready to co-operate with them for the public good. And he recognized the value of their work not only in its social, but in its spiritual aspects. He had for them no word of contempt, no looks askance.

Even in his church services there was the utmost flexibility. He had long and stately functions; he held also short, simple, easy gatherings. He took his people into his confidence. At every step he explained to them what he wished to do and why he wished it, and he carried his people triumphantly with him.

To a Nonconformist the most amazing of all his services were the prayer-meetings. These he held weekly in his church. All the prayers were extempore, Anybody was at liberty to pray. Against all this his bishops protested; but he would not yield. The liberty of free prayer this ritualist fought for at all risks and costs. He had a huge faith in the power of prayer in all modes. He believed in it in the stately forms which have come down from antiquity. He believed in it in the spontaneous and sometimes rude utterances of the illiterate. He believed in it in the ejaculation which only occupies a moment. The supernatural was to him no attenuated philosophical conception. It was as real as the stones of the street or as his own hands and feet.

Perhaps the most extraordinary of his experiments was his keeping open house. Dolling is a bachelor. He needed for himself only two or three rooms. He built a sort of hospice in which were several beds and a large dining-room. Here he lived; at the common table he took his meals; and here everybody was welcome. It might be a naval officer, a literary man, a crossing

sweeper, a ship's boy, a broken-down clergyman, a convict just out of prison, or it might be—indeed, more than once it was—a bishop, gaiters and all! But at his table all were equal. If any man wanted select company or a special diet, he must go elsewhere.

Of course, Dolling was imposed upon. He expected to be. But he gained a knowledge of men that was invaluable to him; and he gained a reputation for brotherliness which brought men to him in their anxieties and distresses who would have confidence in no other. It is impossible to tabulate the results of such an experiment; but the man who made it and knows most about it is satisfied that it was right, and that in social, moral, and spiritual results it paid well.

I mention this not as commending the experiment to others, nor for the purpose of condemning it. It is one of those things which only a few men could do; which, in the hands of most, would break down utterly; and which not many men are in a position to try. But it will be admitted that a man who would so live and work was likely to succeed. He was not for half measures. He was prepared personally to carry out his theories. He had the spirit which drove the early Methodist preachers through their toils and difficulties, as the fire in the heart of an Atlantic steamer drives it through the storm.

All may be summed up in this. The personality of the man, used by the grace of God, accounts for his success. Dolling says: "The real difficulty of work like this is that it makes tremendous demands on one's own personality, and that the larger part of the expenditure is in vain. God has two infallible methods of education: He hopes for everybody, He loves everyone; and yet many live in this world for whom no one hopes and whom no one loves."

In these words Dolling touches the secret of his success. And I have thought that it might be well to direct the minds of those who are interested in the salvation of "the masses" to this remarkable instance of missionary success. It is success achieved in spite of grievous theological and ecclesiastical errors; but it is a success which cannot be denied, and which is the result of absolute and unquestioning self-devotion. It explains many a similar achievement now being accomplished by High Churchmen among the English-speaking folk. And they who hold a broader, simpler, and purer faith can only conquer through the possession and the outworking of a similar fine devotion.

London, England.

THE PLAGUE.

Hark: "Thousands smitten, thousands dead!
  Few hands to break the graveyard sod,
Or soothe grim anguish on its bed,
  The plague is on us—Heaven's rod."
Think why Thy Son the garden wine-press trod.
    Be pitiful, O God.

Death's ploughshare scars a thousand hills,
  And rolls his wains a thousand ways;
The dusty garners fast he fills,
  While Pity weeps in sore amaze,
And Faith exclaims, "The last, predicted days!"
    Be pitiful, O God.

Pour, Great Physician, pour Thy balm;
  They shrink, pine, perish. O, restore!
Turn this vast sighing into psalm,
  Renew the miracles of yore.
  Dost Thou not love thine evermore?
    Be pitiful, O God.

O Thou Eternal Eye and Ear
  And Hand that never rests aweary,
Their anguish see, their moanings hear,
  Cut short, cut short, their trial dreary.
  To glad *Te Deums* change their *Miserere*.
    Be pitiful, O God.

GOLD BOOM IN CARIBOO.

BY THE REV. A. BROWNING.

III.

Jackass Mountain lies on the Yale road to Cariboo. To have crossed the mountain in the early sixties was to carry with you ever after a memory which causes a strange shuddering, such as you feel after some horrid nightmare. You had to ascend it on one side by a narrow trail, made out of the ever-shifting rocks, and then zig-zag it down on the other side by the same kind of trail, all the while hanging over a tremendous precipice, with the Fraser River rolling at its base. A slip of your horse's feet on the rocky shale, and it would be all over, except the falling, and that would soon be over too. Well I remember having to go around a sharp point on one of these mountains, but in doing so my horse had to make his body almost a semi-circle. At the particular moment he trembled and swerved, and had he not recovered himself a fall of a thousand feet perpendicular would have followed, and then the deep river which never gives up its dead.

Near the foot of Jackass Mountain a miner lived with no other companion but his dog. One day the miner was missing. Like many another poor fellow, he was dead and buried, and no one knew his sepulchre.

His dog lived on, and for two years "Fraser" was a mining celebrity. He was ever travelling, searching for his dead master, and for a hundred miles up and down was looked upon with especial favour. He had a free pass on all the Indian canoes and river steamboats, and the Indians always spoke his name in a whisper, believing he was the embodied spirit of his dead master. One day "Fraser" came along with an injured leg, and a doctor in the mine kindly cured him of his lameness. This doctor I remember well. I was passing near his house one day and heard a pistol shot, and then the sound of some one running away. I returned to his room, which I had just left, to find him shot through the heart. I held him until he died. He was thousands of miles from his home and the only relic of that home was a picture of his little girl. He opened his eyes to look on her likeness, and then fell a corpse. We reverently laid him down, and at once pursued his murderer, I taking a hand with the rest. He was caught and hung within sight of Fifer's grave. Both were soon forgotten in the swift current of mining life. "Fraser" lived on for months after Fifer's death, and was eventually lost in a steamboat explosion.

Captain Jamieson, with whom "Fraser" was travelling, was my friend, and was blown up with his boat. He had a brother, who ran his boat over the Willamette Falls, and was lost. Yet another brother was lost with his boat coming out of Victoria harbour, and a dear old Scotch mother was bereaved of all her sons. My wife had her feet on the gangway leading to the boat on which "Fraser" was lost, and suddenly was moved to return to shore. Her life was spared, for God willed it. Is not reality more romantic than romance.

I was reminded of Doctor Fifer's murder years after. An Indian, who was accessory to the murder, came to see me on what to him was an important matter.

He had been turned away from a revival meeting as a murderer and unfit to live. The question was, Could such a man as he be saved? We knelt together in prayer. I knew he had a part in the murder of my friend, the doctor, and I also knew he was the reputed murderer of others. But was not Christ merciful to murderers, and was not his last prayer for such as this poor Indian? The prodigal had arisen. Would the Father meet him? For a while there was the deep darkness, but at length the day broke. Rising from his knees and holding out his hands and looking at them he said, "The blood of Jesus Christ washes away the other blood." There was peace, and he went on his way rejoicing.

It was near the place of the steamboat explosion that I was once caught in a Western cyclone. A most self-sacrificing Catholic priest and I were in a canoe with some Indians. We heard the storm coming like the roaring of mighty thunder interspersed with the cannon-like boom of the immense trees as they were being snapped in two as you would break a pipe stem. Soon the air was filled with the debris and the wrecks of the storm, and the water of the river was lifted bodily in great sheets of driving foam. The danger on shore was the falling of the big trees, and the danger on the water was the being lifted out of it and then into it. It was an hour of supreme emotion, and our Indians gave up in despair. My Catholic friend was a believer in works, and with myself he urged the Indians to paddle or we should all be lost. Providence was kind, and we pulled through all right. But what a cyclone! All around my little home, great trees, ten feet in diameter, were piled up in heaps. Houses were lifted clean over other houses and shivered to splinters. But our own home was intact, as if a cordon of angels had protected it, and who knows but that they did? I was reported for dead at our Mission Rooms in Toronto, and the priest's mother in France was notified of his departure from life. But we both lived to do work for God, and I firmly believe I shall meet good, kindly Father Grandidier in the house of many mansions, and not the least notable of our reminiscences will be our mutual danger and merciful deliverance from a grave in the cold waters of the Fraser.

For two hundred miles on one journey to Cariboo, I had as my forced companions drunken men and fallen women. I could say nothing to stop their vile ribaldry and low songs, but as we travelled night and day I knew it would soon be over. One of the women had with her a little girl. I took care of the child, and at the end of the route handed her over to the mother with some words of loving counsel. It was a little deed, but again I knew I was only the sower who went forth to sow—who knew? Perhaps even a kindly act to a child might in some way bear fruit in God's own time.

Years passed, and one day in Victoria a well-dressed woman called to see me. She asked did I not remember Sarah. She was one of the women of my stage-coach experience, whom I subsequently knew as one of the public women of Cariboo. I could not dream this to be the same woman. But it was. Then she told me of her wonderful change. My silence during that awful ride and my kindness to the child had convinced her there was some religion in the world after all.

Then she thought of her own praying mother and her own innocent child-home, and with loathing she turned from her wicked

life, and became, as she termed it, a straight living woman. Her mission to me was for the purpose of asking me to marry her to a hard-working, sober man, who had heard all her confessions of the past, and, loving her, had generously, like her Saviour, forgiven her all. They were married, and a more honest and worthy couple there lived not on all the Pacific Coast.

In the hospital one day I met the fairest young man I ever saw. Flaxen hair, blue eyes, and with a face like the cherubim of Raphael. It was the same sad story. A praying mother and the pet of the household five thousand miles apart. She praying for his return, and he dying from the vices of a far country.

One day the boy went into the shed in which were kept the coffins for the dead. He selected what he thought would be his own, and there, with his hand upon it, cried, "God of my mother, save her prodigal son." Pardon came, and with joy he told me to write his mother and tell her of his death, but be sure and tell her that when she came to glory he would ask permission of Jesus to go down to the gate and escort her to the feet of the Saviour who had saved her son.

Oh, these scenes of sin and suffering, of deaths with the shadow of hell resting on them, and departures of men and women from earth to heaven in all the glory of a radiant sunset. How they stimulate me yet, and how with tears of gratitude I thank the Lord who sent me forth to a work which won some renown for Him who is "mighty to save."

THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILLIP STRONG.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER VI.

"I heard your sermon this morning," said Phillip's guest, while Mrs. Strong was removing the table to the dining-room.

"Did you?" asked Phillip, because he could not think of anything wiser to say.

"Yes," said the strange visitor, simply. He was so silent after saying this one word that Phillip did what he was not in the habit of doing. He always shrank back sensitively from asking for an opinion of his preaching from any one except his wife. But now he could not help saying,—

"What did you think of it?"

"It was one of the best sermons I ever heard. But somehow it did not sound sincere."

"What!" exclaimed Phillip, almost angrily. If there was one thing he felt sure about, it was the sincerity of his preaching. Then he checked his feeling, as he thought how foolish it would be to get angry at a passing tramp, who was probably a little out of his mind. Yet the man's remark had a strange power to Phillip. He tried to shake it off as he looked harder at him. The man looked over at Phillip and repeated gravely, shaking his head, "Not sincere."

Mrs. Strong came back into the room, and Phillip motioned her to sit down near him while he said, "And what makes you think I was not sincere?"

"You said the age in which we lived demanded that people live

in a far simpler, less extravagant style."

"Yes, that is what I said. I believe it, too," replied Phillip, clasping his hands over his knee and gazing at his singular guest with earnestness. The man's thick white hair glistened in the open firelight like spun glass.

"And you said that Christ would not approve of people spending money for flowers, food, and dress on those who did not need it, when it could more wisely be expended for the benefit of those who were in want."

"Yes; those were not my exact words, but that was my idea."

"Your idea. Just so. And yet we have had here in this little lunch, or, as you called it, a 'bite of something,' three different kinds of meat, two kinds of bread, hothouse grapes, and the richest kind of milk."

The man said all this in the quietest, most calm manner possible; and Phillip stared at him, more assured than ever that he was a little crazy. Mrs. Strong looked amused, and said, "You seemed to enjoy the lunch pretty well." The man had eaten with a zest that was redeemed from greediness only by a delicacy of manner that no tramp ever possessed.

"My dear madam," said the man, "perhaps this was a case where the food was given to one who stood really in need of it."

Phillip started as if he had suddenly caught a meaning from the man's words he had not before heard in them.

"Do you think it was an extravagant lunch, then?" he asked with a very slight laugh.

The man looked straight at Phillip, and replied slowly, "Yes, for the times in which we live!"

A sudden silence fell on that group of three in the parlour of the parsonage, lighted up by the soft glow of the coal fire. No one except a person thoroughly familiar with the real character of Phillip Strong could have told why that silence fell on him instead of a careless laugh at the crazy remark of a half-witted stranger tramp. Just how long the silence lasted, Phillip did not know. Only, when it was broken he found himself saying,—

"Man, who are you? Where are you from? And what is your name?"

His guest turned his head a little, and replied, "When you called me in here you stretched out your hand and called me 'Brother.' Just now you called me by the great term, 'Man.' These are my names; you may call me 'Brother Man.'"

"Well, then, 'Brother Man,'" said Phillip, smiling a little to think of the very strangeness of the whole affair, "your reason for thinking I was not sincere in my sermon this morning was because of the extravagant lunch this evening?"

"Not altogether. There are other reasons." The man suddenly bowed his head between his hands, and Phillip's wife whispered to him, "Phillip, what is the use of talking with a crazy man? You are tired, and it is time to put out the lights and go to bed. Get him out of the house now as soon as you can."

The stranger raised his head and went on talking just as if he had not broken off abruptly.

"Other reasons. In your sermon you tell people they ought to live less luxuriously. You point them to the situation in this town, where thousands of men are out of work. You call attention to the great poverty and distress all over the world, and you say the times demand that people live far simpler, less extravagant lives. And yet here you live yourself like

a prince. Like a prince," he repeated, after a peculiar gesture, which seemed to include not only what was in the room but all that was in the house.

Phillip glanced at his wife as people do when they suspect a third person being out of his mind, and saw that her expression was very much like his own feeling, though not exactly. Then they both glanced around the room.

It certainly did look luxurious, even if not princely. The parsonage was an old mansion which had once belonged to a wealthy but eccentric sea-captain. He had built to please himself, something after the colonial fashion ; and large square rooms, generous fireplaces, with quaint mantels, and tiling, and hard-wood floors gave the house an appearance of solid comfort that approached luxury. The church in Milton had purchased the property from the heirs, who had become involved in ruinous speculation and parted with the house for a sum little representing its real worth. It had been changed a little, and modernized with new heating apparatus, although the old fireplaces still remained ; and one spare room, an annex to the house proper, had been added recently. There was an air of decided comfort bordering on luxury in the different pieces of furniture and the whole furnishing of the room.

" You understand," said Phillip, as his glance travelled back to his visitor, " that this house is not mine. It belongs to my church. It is the parsonage, and I am simply living in it as the minister."

" Yes, I understand. You, a minister, and living in this princely house, while other people have not where to lay their heads."

Again Phillip felt the same temptation to anger steal into him, and again he checked himself at the thought : " The man is certainly insane. The whole thing is simply absurd. I will get rid of him. And yet—"

He could not shake off a strange and powerful impression which the stranger's words had made upon him. Crazy or not, he had hinted at the possibility of an insincerity on Phillip's part, which made him restless. Phillip determined to question him and see if he really would develop a streak of insanity that would justify him in getting rid of him for the night.

" Brother Man," he said, using the term his guest had given him, " do you think I am living too extravagantly ?"

" Yes, in these times and after such a sermon."

" What would you have me do?" Phillip asked the question half seriously, half amused at himself for asking advice from such a source.

" Do as you preach others ought to."

Again that silence fell over the room. And again Phillip felt the same impression of power in the strange man's words.

The " Brother Man," as he wished to be called, bowed his head between his hands again ; and Mrs. Strong whispered to Phillip : " Now it is certainly worse than foolish to keep this up any longer. The man is evidently insane. We cannot keep him here all night. He will certainly do something terrible. Get rid of him, Phillip. This may be a trick on the part of the whiskey men."

Never in all his life had Phillip been so puzzled to know what to do with a human being. Here was one, the strangest he had ever met, who had come into his house; it is true he had been invited, but once within he had invited himself to stay all night, and then had accused his entertainer of living too extravagantly and

called him an insincere preacher. Add to all this the singular fact that he had declared his name to be "Brother Man," and that he spoke with a calmness that was the very incarnation of peace, and Phillip's wonder reached its limit.

In response to his wife's appeal Phillip rose abruptly and went to the front door; he opened it, and a whirl of snow danced in. The wind had changed, and the moan of a coming heavy storm was in the air.

The moment that Phillip opened the door his strange guest also rose, and putting on his hat he said, as he moved slowly towards the hall, "I must be going. I thank you for your hospitality, madam."

Phillip stood holding the door partly open. He was perplexed to know just what to do or say.

"Where will you stay to-night? Where is your home?"

"My home is with my friends," replied the man. He laid his hand on the door, opened it, and had made one step out on the porch, when Phillip, seized with an impulse, laid his hand on his arm, gently but strongly pulled him back into the hall, shut the door, and placed his back against it.

"You cannot go out into this storm until I know whether you have a place to go to for the night."

The man hesitated curiously, shuffled his feet on the mat, put his hand up to his face, and passed it across his eyes with a gesture of great weariness. There was a look of loneliness and of unknown sorrow about his whole figure that touched Phillip's keenly sensitive spirit irresistibly. If the man was a little out of his right mind, he was probably harmless. They could not turn him out into the night if he had nowhere to go.

"Brother Man," said Phillip, gently, "would you like to stay here to-night? Have you anywhere else to stay?"

"You are afraid I will do harm. But no. See. Let us sit down."

He laid his hat on the table, resumed his seat, and asked Phillip for a Bible. Phillip handed him one. He opened it and read a chapter from the Prophet Isaiah, and then, bowing his head between his hands, he offered a prayer of such wonderful beauty and spiritual refinement of expression that Phillip and his wife listened with awed astonishment.

When he had uttered the amen, Mrs. Strong whispered to Phillip, "Surely we cannot shut him out into the storm. We will give him the spare room."

Phillip said not a word. He at once built up a fire in the room and in a few moments invited the man into it.

"Brother Man," he said simply, "stay here as if this were your own house. You are welcome for the night."

"Yes, heartily welcome," said Phillip's wife, as if to make amends for any doubts she had felt before.

For reply the "Brother Man" raised his hand almost as if in benediction. And they left him to his rest.

In the morning Phillip knocked at his guest's door to waken him for breakfast. Not a sound could be heard within. He waited a little while and then knocked again. It was as still as before. He opened the door softly and looked in.

To his amazement there was no one there. The bed was made up neatly, everything in the room was in its place, but the strange being who had called himself "Brother Man" was gone.

Phillip exclaimed, and his wife came in.

"So our queer guest has flown!

He must have been very still about it; I heard no noise. Where do you suppose he is? And who do you suppose he is?'

"Are you sure there ever was such a person, Phillip? Don't you think you dreamed all that about the 'Brother Man'?" Mrs. Strong had not quite forgiven Phillip for his sceptical questioning of the reality of the man with the lantern who had driven the knife into the desk.

"Yes, it's your turn now, Sarah. Well, if our Brother Man was a dream he was the most curious dream this family ever had. And if he was crazy he was the most remarkable insane person I ever saw."

"Of course he was crazy. All that he said about our living so extravagantly proves it."

"Do you think he was crazy in that particular?" asked Phillip, in a strange voice. His wife noticed it at the time but its true significance did not become real to her until afterwards. He went to the front door and found it unlocked. Evidently the guest had gone out that way. The heavy storm of the night had covered up any possible signs of footsteps. It was still snowing furiously.

Phillip went into his study for the forenoon as usual, but he did very little writing. His wife could hear him pacing the floor restlessly.

About ten o'clock he came downstairs and declared his intention of going out into the storm to see if he couldn't settle down to work better.

He went out and did not return until the middle of the afternoon. Mrs. Strong was a little alarmed.

"Where have you been all this time, Phillip? Give an account of yourself."

"I have been seeing how some other people live. Sarah, the Brother Man was not so very crazy, after all. He has more than half converted me."

"Did you find out anything about him?"

"Yes, several of the older citizens here recognized my description of him. They say he is harmless and has quite a history; was once a wealthy mill-owner in Clinton. He wanders about the country, living with any one who will take him in. It is a queer case; I must find out more about him. But I'm hungry; can I have a bite of something?"

"Haven't you had dinner?"

"No; I got interested and didn't stop."

"Where have you been?"

"Among the tenements."

"How are the people getting on there?"

"I cannot tell. It almost chokes me to think of it."

"Now, Phillip, what makes you take it so seriously? How can you help all that suffering? You are not to blame for it."

"Maybe I am for a part of it. But whether I am or not, there the suffering is. And I don't know that we ought to ask who is to blame in such cases. At any rate, supposing the fathers and mothers in the tenements are themselves to blame for their own wretchedness this fearful day, having brought it all on themselves by their own sinfulness, does that make innocent children and helpless babes any warmer and better clothed and fed?"

Mrs. Strong came up behind Phillip's chair as he sat at the table eating, and placed her hand on his brow. She grew more anxious every day over his growing personal feeling for others. It seemed to her it was becoming a passion with him, wearing him out, and she feared its results as winter deepened and the lock-out in the mills remained unbroken.

"You cannot do more than one man, Phillip," she said with a sigh.

"No, but if I can only make the church see its duty at this time and act the Christlike way a great many persons will be saved. Sarah!" He dropped his knife and fork, wheeled around abruptly in his chair, and faced her with the question, "Would you give up this home and be content to live in a simpler fashion than we have been used to since we came here?"

"Yes," replied his wife, quietly, "I will go anywhere and suffer anything with you, Phillip. What is it you are thinking of now?"

"I need a little more time. There is a crisis near at hand in my thought of what Christ would require of me. My dear, I am sure we shall be led by the spirit of Truth to do what is necessary and for the better saving of men."

He kissed his wife tenderly and went upstairs to his work. All through the rest of the afternoon and in the evening, as he shaped his church and pulpit work, the words of the "Brother Man" rang in his ears, and the situation at the tenements rose in the successive pictures of a panorama before his eyes. As the storm increased in fury with the coming darkness, Phillip felt that it was typical in a certain sense of his own condition. He abandoned the work he had been doing at his desk and kneeling down at his couch prayed. Mrs. Strong, coming up to the study to see how his work was getting on, found him kneeling there and went and kneeled beside him while together they sought the light through the storm.

So the weeks went by and the first Sunday of the next month found Phillip's Christ message even more direct and personal than any he had brought to his people before. He had spent much of the time going into the workingmen's homes. The tenement district was becoming familiar territory to him now. He had settled finally what his own action ought to be. In that action his wife fully concurred. And the members of Calvary Church coming in that Sunday morning were astonished at the message of their pastor as he spoke to them from the standpoint of the modern Christ.

"I said a month ago that the age in which we live demands a simpler, less extravagant style of living. I did not mean by that to condemn the beauties of art or the marvels of science or the products of civilization. I merely emphasized what I believe is a mighty but neglected truth in our modern civilization,—that if we would win men to Christ we must adopt more of His spirit of simple and consecrated self-denial. I wish it to be distinctly understood as I go on that I do not condemn any man because he is rich or lives in a luxurious house, enjoying every comfort of modern civilization and every delicacy of the season. What I do wish distinctly understood is the belief which has been burned deep into me ever since coming to this town, that if the members of this church wish to honour the Head of the Church and bring men to believe Him and be saved in this life and the next they must be willing to do far more than they have yet done to make use of the physical comforts and luxuries of their homes for the blessing and Christianizing of this community. In this particular I have myself failed to set you an example. The fact that I have so failed is my only reason for making this matter public this morning.

"The situation in Milton to-day is exceedingly serious. I do not need to prove it to you by figures. If any business man will go through the tenements he will

acknowledge my statements. If any woman now in this house will contrast those dens with her own home, she will, if Christ is a power in her heart, stand in horror before such a travesty of the ideal happy home of the workingman. The destitution of the neighbourhood is alarming. The number of men out of work is dangerous. The complete removal of all sympathy between the church up here on this street and the tenement district is sadder than death. O my beloved !"—Phillip stretched out his arms and uttered a cry that rang in the ears of those who heard it and remained with some of them a memory for years,—" these things ought not so to be ! Where is the Christ spirit with us! Have we not sat in our comfortable houses and eaten our pleasant food and dressed in the finest clothing and gone to amusements and entertainments without number, while God's poor have shivered on the streets, and His sinful ones have sneered at Christianity as they walked by our church doors ?

" It is true we have given money to charitable causes. It is true the town council has organized a bureau for the care and maintenance of those in want. It is true members of Calvary Church with other churches at this time have done something to relieve the immediate distress of the town. But how much have we given of ourselves to those in need ? Do we reflect that to reach souls and win them, to bring back humanity to God and the Christ, the Christian must do something different from the giving of money now and then ? He must give a part of himself. That was my reason for urging you to move this church building away from this street into the tenement district, that we might give ourselves to the people there. The idea is the same in what I now propose. But you will pardon me if first of all I announce my own action, which I believe is demanded by the times and would be approved by our Lord."

Phillip stepped up near the front of the platform and spoke with an earnestness and power which thrilled every hearer. A part of the great conflict through which he had gone that past month shone out in his pale face and found partial utterance in his impassioned speech, especially as he drew near the end. The very abruptness of his proposition smote the people into breathless attention.

" The parsonage in which I am now living is a large, even a luxurious dwelling. It has nine large rooms. You are familiar with its furnishing. The salary this church pays me is two thousand dollars, a sum which more than provides for my necessities. What I have decided to do is this: I wish this church to reduce this salary one-half and apply the other thousand dollars to the fitting up of the parsonage, as a refuge for homeless children, or for some such purpose which may commend itself to your best judgment. There is money enough in this church alone to maintain such an institution handsomely, and not a single member of Calvary suffer any hardship whatever. I will move into a house nearer the lower part of the town, where I can more easily reach after the people and live more among them. That is what I propose for myself. It is not because I believe the rich and the educated do not need the Gospel or the Church. The rich and the poor both need the life more abundantly.

" The Church must get back to the apostolic times in some particulars, and an adaptation of community of goods and a sharing of

certain aspects of civilization must mark the church-membership of the coming twentieth century. An object lesson in self-denial large enough for men to see, a self-denial that actually gives up luxuries, money, and even harmless pleasures,—this is the only kind that will make much impression on the people. I believe if Christ were on earth He would again call for this expression of loyalty to Him. He would again say, 'So likewise whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.'

"All this is what I call on the members of this church to do. Do I say that you ought to abandon your own houses and live somewhere else? No. I can decide only for myself in a matter of that kind. But this much I do say. Give yourselves in some genuine way to save this town from its wretchedness. It is not so much your money as your own soul that the sickness of the world demands. This plan has occurred to me. Why could not every family in this church become a saviour to some other family that is actually in need of saving. Let the church family interest itself in the other, know the extent of its wants as far as possible, go to it in person, let the Christian home come into actual touch with the un-Christian, in short, become a natural saviour to one family. There are dozens of families in this church that could do that. It would take money. It would take time. It would mean real self-denial. It would call for all your Christian grace and courage.

"But what does all this church-membership and church life mean if not just such sacrifice? We cannot give anything to this age of more value than our own selves. The world of sin and want and despair and disbelief is not hungering for money or mission-schools or charity balls or State institutions for the relief of distress, but for live, pulsing, loving Christian men and women, who reach out live, warm hands, who are willing to go and give themselves, who will abandon, if necessary, if Christ calls for it, the luxuries they have these many years enjoyed, in order that the bewildered, disheartened, discontented, unhappy, sinful creatures of earth may actually learn of the love of God through the love of man. And that is the only way the world ever has learned of the love of God.

"Members of Calvary Church, I call on you in Christ's name this day to do something for your Master that will really be a self-denial for you. Consider the age in which you live. And give yourselves to it in a way that will make men believe beyond a doubt that you really mean what you say when you claim to be a disciple of that One who, although rich, yet for our sakes became poor, giving up all heaven's glory in exchange for all earth's misery, the end of which was a cruel and bloody crucifixion. Are we Christ's disciples unless we follow Him in this particular? We are not our own. We are bought with a price."

When that Sunday morning service closed, Calvary Church was stirred to its depths. There were more excited people talking together all over the church than Phillip had ever seen before. He greeted several strangers as usual and was talking with one of them, when one of the trustees came up and said the Board would like to meet with Phillip if convenient for him as soon as he was at liberty.

Phillip accordingly waited in one of the Sunday-school classrooms with the trustees, who had met immediately after the sermon, and decided to have an instant conference with the pastor.

RHODA ROBERTS.

A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Adam Cartright's Will," etc.

CHAPTER III

THE BEGINNING OF TROUBLE.

Young Edward Trethyn, Squire Trethyn's son and heir, had business to transact at the Big Pit a few morning after the events described in the last chapter, and was there betimes. Something had gone wrong with the ventilating shaft, and a message had been sent to Trethyn Manor saying that no work could be carried on below until the difficulty of getting fresh air into the mine was solved. But when Edward Trethyn reached the pit he found that the underground agent and his men were already at work and successfully grappling with the difficulty, so that his services were not urgently required. After, therefore, satisfying his mind upon the subject, he went up out of the mine again to the manager's office. Chance threw Seth Roberts in his way.

"Mornin', sir," said the fireman, touching his hat. "Bright mornin', sir."

"Yes, it is," replied Edward Trethyn, "but this breakdown is rather depressing."

"Rather," answered the fireman, "but it'll soon be all right again, sir. Williams and his men have got their cue of the mischief."

"Oh, yes, yes," said the young heir; "I understand it is not a very serious affair."

He was turning away, when he suddenly halted and said:

"By-the-bye, Roberts, I was at your meeting the other night. Did you see me?"

"No, sir, I did not, but I heerd arterwards as how you was there."

"Ha!" laughed the young man. "Who told you that? I was pretty well concealed, and certainly thought I was unobserved. Who told you, Seth?"

"Well, sir, you may think it is pertinent, but it was my daughter Rhoda who told me—just in general conversation, you know."

"Rhoda!—Miss Roberts!" exclaimed Edward, correcting himself, and with a sudden lighting of his countenance, which, however, was but momentary and quite unnoticed by the grimy collier. "Well, she's sharp eyes, for I stood away back, and behind a huge boulder of stone."

"We're all glad you was there," said Seth. "Our Master wants such young gentlemen as you on His side."

"Indeed," replied young Trethyn listlessly; and then, more energetically, "You preached a good sermon, Seth; very good. Parson Thornleigh could not have been more effective."

"May God grant that it may bring forth fruit, then," said the faithful old man. "P'raps—"

"One thing," interrupted Edward, evidently not caring to enter upon a religious discussion, "you must avoid, and that is the ruin of your daughter."

"Sir!" exclaimed Seth, always tender upon the subject of his accomplished daughter, and at any time easily stirred to anger.

"You're going the right way to kill her," pursued Edward.

"How so?" queried Seth, flushing angrily.

"By permitting her to sing in the open air. It's cruel!"

"But she has the gift," urged the fireman.

"She has," emphatically answered Mr. Edward; "she certainly has, Seth. Your daughter has a splendid voice. Few voices in this neighbourhood could come near to it by a long way for purity and power, but outdoor singing will ruin both it and her. Her constitution will not stand it; not ten in a hundred would stand it. You really must take care of her."

"She's the Lord's child," replied Seth. "He gave her her voice to sing, and she uses it for His glory."

"Now there," said Mr. Edward, "don't advance that argument. For goodness' sake don't put your religion into everything you say. Can't you be practical upon a point like this? I tell you Miss Roberts is abusing her splendid voice—spoiling it; destroying her power of song as surely as if I were to crush my canary's throat between my thumb and finger. P'raps you'll see it when it's too late, and live to bitterly blame yourself."

The words sank deeply into the fireman's heart, and, as he watched the young squire's retreating figure, he could not help feeling that there was an unusual interest lurking in them.

At dinner in Trethyn Manor that same evening the Reverend Philip Thornleigh, or Parson Thornleigh, as he was more familiarly called, who was the squire's guest that night, introduced into the conversation another view of the late preaching.

"To me," he said, addressing the squire at the head of the table, "it seems positively dreadful that ignorant men should thus presume upon the sacred office of the ministry. There ought to be some law to punish such men."

"As far as I am concerned," replied the squire, a tall, massive man with silvery hair and beardless face, which served all the more clearly to set off the harsh lines of his countenance and his firmly set, determined mouth, "I most decidedly object to it also, but what can we do? Your remedy could not now be tried; no such law could be passed. My dear sir, our days of objection are gone—that is, of effectual objection. I don't mean to say that we are to have no opinion of our own, but of what weight is it publicly? Our best policy is to grin and bear what we can't help. We have no power to put a stop to these things. In the good old times we might have done so; in the days of our fathers it was worth while being a gentleman and a member of the privileged classes, but all that has now changed. The only privileged classes are the masses now, and they are in the ascendant. Half the legislation of Parliament is directed to their uplifting—as if that could be good for them—"

"It will altogether unfit them," interpolated the rector, "for good, hard, honest work."

"Exactly," went on the squire; "the certain end of such legislation must be the utter ruin of English industries, for what class of men is going to toil and labour when their social status is raised above it? Even the miners in this parish are not satisfied with their own honest calling for their boys when they come of age to work, and if a lad has passed the fourth standard in the Board school, forsooth his father must seek to make him a white-handed clerk. Were these the good old times, and I as powerful as were my forefathers, the state of things in this parish should not last a moment longer, never should have existed, in fact. I'd see if my workmen should go prating and spouting about religion all day long instead of minding their work—"

"Not so bad as that, father," interjected young Edward from his place at the table. He had lis-

tened to his father's angry tirade with burning face, and could no longer resist speaking. "Not so bad as that. Whatever our workmen do away from the collieries cannot matter to us, and it is generally acknowledged that our men are equal for faithfulness to any set of men in this country."

"At any rate," retorted the squire angrily, "these are not the good old days, and, as I said before, we must grin and bear it. But my policy, Mr. Thornleigh, is plain. I must not meddle with the religious affairs of my men, nor show any decided dislike towards them. It would never be tolerated; they would surely resent it, and it might lead to loud talk of oppression and bigotry, and perhaps a strike."

"Practically, then," said the rector, "your plan is to wholly disregard them, to let them go on in their way, but to render them no assistance."

"That's it in a nutshell," replied the squire, with emphasis.

The squire's son looked up quickly at the words.

"I hope, sir, that is not your fixed purpose. There is one thing the people are already wanting from you, and I foresee difficulties unless you agree to it."

"What is that?"

"The old thing over again—they are going to ask you to sell that piece of land on the Green to build their chapel upon; in fact, father, I've undertaken for them to place the matter before you."

"Just what I thought," murmured the rector, beneath his breath, "and what has already been bruited abroad?" Then openly, "If I'm not mistaken, there has been a deputation appointed to wait upon your father, Mr. Edward."

"I was informed so," he answered, "but I offered to mention it to the squire for them."

"What!" cried Squire Trethyn, his anger quickly merging into positive passion, "my son a party to the schemes of my enemies!"

"Not enemies, by any means, father," responded Edward. "Far indeed from that. Your workmen, hard, honest, industrious—"

"Hush!" stormed the squire, "not another word. I won't hear you, sir. How often have I told them, and you have as often heard me, that this thing is quite impossible. It's like their confounded impudence—"

"Besides, squire," remarked the rector, in a plausible voice, "the land is entailed, is it not?"

"N—o, not exactly entailed," answered the squire somewhat testily; "it's belonged to the family for generations and generations, that's all. But I want it for myself. I shall have use for it presently; but whether I do or do not, these fellows shall not have it."

"Certainly not," acquiesced the rector, rubbing the palms of his hands together with evident satisfaction.

"And pray, sir," queried the squire, addressing his son, "when are these fellows coming?"

"I don't know," replied Edward. "They are hoping that they will not have need to come, and that you will send them a favourable answer by me."

"Give them this answer," snapped the squire. "Tell them plainly that they sha'n't have the land, and if they do come here I shall not see them."

"Their request is a very fair one," urged the young man; "they only ask you to sell them the land, and they are willing to give you a good price for it. After all, father, it cannot be of much value to you, it lies so low and is so marshy—"

"Silence!" thundered the squire, his choler now risen to its zenith, and his eyes blazing and flashing with indignation.

"Pardon me, father, but will you not promise them to consider their request? Even if you won't sell it, don't you think it would be more politic to offer to consider it? If I take back your positive refusal—"

"Edward, are you gone raving mad? Sell the land to infidels"—and at the squire's words the rector nodded approvingly, while Lady Trethyn and her three graceful daughters sat bewildered.

"No, not to infidels, father," still argued brave Edward, "but to some of your own workmen, who choose to serve God in other forms and places than we, but who, nevertheless, are sincere and good—I'd almost said as good, some of them even better in this particular thing than we are."

"Edward," cried the squire, "you are worse than an infidel yourself to propose such a thing, but for heaven's sake never let me hear you repeat it. If you do it'll only anger me and do them no good. No earthly consideration shall move me to sell them that piece of land, and I shall not have any Dissenter preaching-houses on my property."

"Will you then lease it to them for a number of years?"

"No," barked the squire. "I'm shocked at you, Edward."

"I think," quietly but firmly observed the young man, "that it is I who ought to be shocked. I never could have believed my father capable of such intolerance and bigotry. I—"

"There," exclaimed the squire, interrupting him, and turning towards the others, "isn't that the height of impudence? Intolerance and bigotry! My own son supplies these low fellows with the catchword. Now, won't the lie speed quickly when it is born in one's own home? Out with you, Edward. Leave us. I shall not hear you another word."

"There's no need to be angry with me, father," said the heir doggedly, and shifting his ground a little; "I'm not championing their religion, but wouldn't it be a stroke of good policy to sell them the land? Better still, to give it to them? You see, it would make your candidature for a seat in the House almost sure of success. It would make you immensely popular with the people—"

"Hold!" cried the squire; "would you wish me to perform an act of bribery? The general election is expected in the fall—but there, that is enough of it. I positively refuse to listen to their request, much less to consider it. Nor will I see their deputation. Stephen Grainger or Lawyer Jeffries may see them for me, but my purpose is fixed and unalterable."

Young Edward Trethyn was grieved to his heart's core, but saw that it was useless to argue the matter further. And a glance from his mother warned him against doing so, for the squire was a passionate man when he was fully roused, and the worst things might happen in his fury. But Edward was pained. He had thought that his pleadings might have influenced his father to do this act of bare justice to his workmen, who comprised by far the most numerous part of the population of the parish, but he was sadly disappointed. He shrank from taking back to the people the squire's refusal, and his cheeks burned with very shame at the thought of it. Nor was he pleased with himself for mentioning the subject in the rector's presence, and he could not help thinking that he might have been more successful had he spoken privately to the squire.

When dinner was over, and Squire Trethyn and the Reverend Philip Thornleigh had retired to the smoke-room, the latter renewed the conversation.

"Your son is drifting from us,"

he said—"from our church and people."

Squire Trethyn removed his cigar from his mouth, and stared in blank amazement at the rector.

"I am inclined to think," pursued the reverend gentleman, "that he mixes up too much with the common order. And that can't be good for a young man in his position of life. I've noticed lately that he is filled with extraordinary fancies, and his mind crammed with very terrible democratic notions."

Still Squire Trethyn looked amazed and said nothing.

"I have discovered this much in conversation with him," said the rector. "You've doubtless heard of his attendance at their meetings ?"

"No," uttered in sheer wonder.

"Why, he was at their camp-meeting on the mountain the other night," replied the rector, "and frequently visits them."

"Well, I'm astounded, Mr. Thornleigh," gasped the squire, amazed. "Edward is not religiously inclined."

"No," hesitated the rector, scarcely knowing how to reply, "but there is no use of mincing the fact, or shutting our eyes to it, that Mr. Edward's sympathies are all with the masses of the people, and drifting from us."

"They are not inherited, then," snapped the squire.

"Just what I was about to observe," smoothly went on the rector; "the whole bend of your family predilections is decidedly against all that's vulgar and common."

"How do you, then, account for this new craze ?"

"I can only think," replied the rector, "that Mr. Edward is tainted by association with the common order."

"Yes," mused the squire, "that may account for it. I begin to think myself that he's given too much latitude. You see, whenever we particularly want him about the house he's always away—down in the town."

"It's just the same in reference to church work," said the rector. "Now, the other day, for instance, we specially required his assistance in our preparations for the grand bazaar, and I sent over an urgent message to him. You know Edward is always valuable in helping in such things. Well, I had sent to him, reminding him of his promised aid in arranging the Fairy Well. What do you think his answer was ?"

The squire shook his head.

"That he was engaged auditing the books of the Garter Lodge, and that he couldn't leave until he had finished."

"And was Miss Nellie Montgomery there ?"

"Yes ; that was the worst of it," answered the rector ; "and many other of the young ladies, doubtless influenced by the expected presence of Mr. Edward, were there also. You see, when we can get him amongst us we get a great many others, and there is nothing like having a large number of enthusiastic workers and helpers if one wants to carry a thing on to a successful issue."

"And Miss Montgomery was actually there ?"

"Yes," replied the rector.

"Do you think Edward knew of it ?"

"There can be no doubt about it," said the rector ; "he knew she had promised to be there."

"And yet he didn't attend ?"

"He never came near the schools at all that evening."

Squire Trethyn knit his brows and looked thoughtful.

"No," insinuated the rector, "not even her presence induced him to break his engagement with these people."

Still Squire Trethyn sat still and thoughtful. He was plainly very deeply annoyed. The prospective marriage of his son and heir with Miss Nellie Montgomery was a thing on which he had set his heart, and to which he had looked forward with considerable pleasure. And, indeed, to all appearances the marriage was a most desirable one, for Miss Montgomery, daughter of Sir Charles Montgomery, of Bucklands Park, was a young lady of exceptional parts and beauty, besides being heiress to her father's vast estates. And added to all this was the important fact that there was blue blood in her veins on her mother's side, for Lady Hettie Montgomery was the daughter of a prominent member of the aristocracy, moving in the most select circles, a privy councillor, and a peer of the realm. Nor was this all. Matters had been carried on a good deal beyond the point of mere consideration of what was desirable, and the feasibility of such an alliance being formed between Buckland's Park and Trethyn Manor had often been a subject of friendly debate between Sir Charles and the squire. Of course Edward knew nothing about it; he was the last person in the world that they would have thought of consulting, and it was a tacit understanding between the two elderly gentlemen that nothing should be said on either side, but that things should be allowed to take their course. At the same time, however, both decided to encourage and promote the marriage by every lawful expediency. But the introduction of this little element of discord into the silently-hatching scheme, this evident disregard of his son for the fair and peerless Miss Montgomery, was bitterness and wormwood to Squire Trethyn.

For a long time he sat lost in thought. By-and-bye, however, he began to give his thoughts tongue, debating the matter with himself rather than addressing the rector.

"Can it be possible that Edward has fixed his affections upon some other lady, and been so blind and foolish as to allow Miss Nellie to slip him by? No, that can hardly be, for there is no other in this locality of his station who would be likely to win him with her charms. The gentry in these parts are so few, and the number of marriageable young ladies so small. I'm overwhelmed with surprise."

"There's the pretty schoolmistress," quietly observed the rector.

"Who?" cried the squire.

"The schoolmistress," replied the rector; "she—"

"The schoolmistress," exclaimed the squire, sitting suddenly bolt upright in his chair and looking at his friend incredulously.

"Yes, Miss Roberts, you know," said the rector, with a knowing look.

"What! Seth Roberts' daughter?" screamed the squire.

The Reverend Philip Thornleigh nodded his head affirmatively.

"Gracious me," cried Squire Trethyn, "are you mad—clean gone out of your mind, Mr. Thornleigh, or what? Why, the bare suggestion is an insult."

"I crave your pardon, Squire Trethyn," answered the rector, with but very little penitence, however, in his tone, which was all the more strongly evidenced by his persistence in the subject. "But, after all, Miss Rhoda Roberts is a very accomplished young lady, and—"

"A low-born miner's daughter," snapped Squire Trethyn.

"That is not a fault in everybody's mind," answered the rector; "many people nowadays count birth and station for nothing."

'What do they count for something, then?" ill-humouredly asked Squire Trethyn.

"Qualities, disposition, good-

ness—" answered the rector, who, however, was not allowed to finish his description, Squire Trethyn abruptly interrupting him with a great show of impatience and disgust.

"Are not all these qualities to be found in Miss Montgomery ?" he asked.

"Doubtless," answered the rector, who for the moment felt nonplussed.

"Are they confined to miners' daughters ?"

"By no means," replied the rector.

"Then why do you suggest such a thing ?"

"I do not suggest anything," said the wily though reverend gentleman. "I only point out to you the fact of the existence of such a person as the schoolmistress, a young person of amiable disposition, of a certain beauty, of fair education, and one whom many young men would think eligible for any position in life. Mind, I don't say this ; on the contrary, I say the very opposite ; but it would just be like these low-born people, as you aptly express it, were they to plot for—"

"Stop !" cried the squire ; "you've some motive in all this. Don't speak in riddles. What is your motive ? Do you know anything—anything to justify the suspicions you suggest ? If you do, let me hear it."

The Reverend Philip Thornleigh gave a low cough, and rubbed the palms of his hands slowly together.

"I know this," he said, with marked deliberation ; "Mr. Edward plainly shows a liking for the schoolmistress's society, and, in her presence, acts and talks like a very cavalier."

"How do you know this ?" demanded the squire, still angrily.

"From personal observation," replied Mr. Thornleigh, "and from hearsay."

"Hearsay!" exclaimed the squire. "Has the affair, then, become a matter of public gossip ? Is it in everyone's mouth ? The heir of Trethyn consorting with a collier's daughter !"

"It is not quite so bad as that," said the rector ; "at least, not yet. But one never knows where these little things may end if they are not stopped in the commencement. I thought it my duty, Squire Trethyn, to give you that opportunity were you disposed to use it. You see, we two are such old friends that I couldn't permit this thing to go on without making you aware of it."

Squire Trethyn sat mute and indignant. Not indignant towards the Reverend Philip Thornleigh, but towards his son. To think that he had trained him for this ! After all the care and labour spent on his upbringing, to think that his views of life and of his social station were so grovelling ! Oh ! how utterly had the heir of Trethyn Manor disappointed all his father's hopes.

"If this be all true, Thornleigh," said the squire, presently, and with much painful feeling manifested in his voice, "I will disinherit Edward. No low-born pauper shall ever be installed here as mistress of Trethyn Manor."

"My dear sir !" cried the rector, appealingly, "consider—"

"Don't say another word," said the squire, impatiently ; "nothing on earth will change my purpose. You ought to know by this time. I will tax Edward with it as soon as he returns."

The Reverend Philip Thornleigh was filled with concern. In all he had said he had not once contemplated this serious turn of affairs. Like a faithful shepherd of the flock, his one aim had been to keep the lamb, Edward, from wandering from the fold. But he now feared he had unwittingly

sowed the seeds of dissension and strife between the squire and his son, and, in his heart, he sincerely regretted it. He lived long enough to bitterly regret and to learn that intermeddling with other people's affairs is always a source of trouble.

Meanwhile Edward Trethyn, who had left his father's presence in high disdain, was standing out on the verandah, which went across the front of the manor, thinking of all that had happened that evening. His soul was seething within him, and he was vexed at his father's treatment of him. He had almost expected a refusal to the request he had to proffer on behalf of the chapel people, but he certainly had not imagined having so blank and decided a refusal. He had thought that the squire would have at least promised to consider the request, and he could not help feeling deeply ashamed at his father's stubbornness.

What would the chapel people say of it? What would the whole town say? Such a flagrant case of bigotry and intolerance could not fail to move the whole neighbourhood to strong indignation, and what the outcome of it might be he dared not think. For the first time in his life he shrank from calling himself a Trethyn, a name which had hitherto been a synonym of large-heartedness and fair-play. To him, standing there, its old character was disgraced and dishonoured. Would he ever again be able to look men straight in the face? Would he not now become an object of contempt and scorn to all good men, who would say slightingly as he passed by them, "Oh, he's a bigoted Trethyn."

But this was not all. The whole tenor of his father's talk at table had savoured so much of old-time feudalism and oppression that Edward was pained to the heart's core. That his father should be so thoroughly prejudiced against Dissent was a new revelation to him. He could understand the rector's drift, but his father's interest lay all the other way, for it surely was politic to conciliate his workmen, and thus to make them happy and contented. But such palpable ill-nature and oppression were more likely to produce trouble and discontent. These and many more such thoughts filled Edward's mind as he stood on the verandah in the gathering gloom, and it was not until the chilly night air made him shiver that he turned his steps indoors again. But only to procure his great-coat and stick.

"I will go round and see the men at once," he said to himself as he recrossed the threshold; "it is only eight o'clock yet, and this is a business that ought at once to be known. P'raps I'll find Seth Roberts at home."

A few moments afterwards Edward Trethyn was walking rapidly in the direction of the fireman's cottage.

CHAPTER IV.

GEORGE FORD.

While the heir of Trethyn pursues his journey the reader's attention is once more directed to George Ford, lying bruised and sore in the small dingy bedroom of his humble lodging. A month or more has passed away since the terrible accident, and George is yet far from well. With a fractured skull and broken ribs, his right lung also penetrated by the jagged end of a bone, it is little wonder that his improvement is so slow. But, though only slowly, he is mending, and good hopes are now entertained of his final recovery.

Perhaps it is the certainty of this which keeps so many friends from visiting him now. At first scores had called upon him to ask kindly after his weal, some even going so far as to take turns sitting up with him throughout the long, dreary, restless nights, moistening his parched lips, occasionally raising his position in the bed, and administering to his constant needs. But few called now, and as the weeks passed by the interest, or at least the show of it, began to flag, and people were satisfied with inquiry at the street door as to the sufferer's condition.

One person, however, did not desert him or leave him in his sore need. This was Rhoda Roberts, the pretty schoolmistress, who never allowed a single day to pass away without visiting him. After school was over she would snatch a hasty tea and then hurry away to the bedside of the sufferer, attend to his wants, smooth the thin, hard pillows, tidy up the room, and minister to his comforts in a hundred different ways. At first George Ford had resented Rhoda's visits. He had thought that her only possible purpose in coming was to pray with him and to sing hymns, and never dreamt of associating her unselfish deed with pure sympathy. In his state of mind at that time he had no desire for any religious talk. On the contrary, his whole mind and soul revolted against the Christian religion as being in some mysterious way connected with his calamity, and his heart rebelled against it. But Rhoda's repeated visits made a great impression upon him, and her unselfish devotion acted as a living, incontestable argument as to the value of her professions.

"These chapel people," he reasoned, "are very much unlike all others who come here. They do not tire me with talk, talk, talk, or bustle about the room as if they were at a fair. They don't bawl and shout when they come near me, but speak quietly and kindly. Nor do they stay long, but always seem to make the room brighter and me more comfortable in the little time they are here. I really begin to think that these folk are true and sterling after all my scorn of them, and that they are just the folk a man needs to make his life-long friends, and Seth's lass in particular. I can't make her out. She comes here so regular, she does, and is never a bit tired doing something or other for me. I don't know as how I should do if she didn't come; she's worth all the lot of the others put together. The very moment she enters the room I seem a thousand times better."

And so it came to pass that George Ford began to look forward with great eagerness for the visits of any of "Seth's lot," as he called them, and especially for the visit of Seth's gifted daughter. And as the days rolled on Rhoda's visits were gradually prolonged, but always at the request of the suffering man, who would earnestly urge her to stay "just a little longer" and read to him.

It was on the very same day as the events recorded in the previous chapter that Rhoda, school being over, called upon the invalid, and after tidying the room, sat down to continue the reading of the story of Erromanga Williams, the martyr missionary, which she had commenced a few days past. She had come to a passage in which the author powerfully described the missionary's whole-hearted devotedness to his perilous work in spite of his constant risk of life. George followed the story with intense interest, and once, when Rhoda paused a moment in her reading a bright light lit up his countenance.

"Do you wish to say something?" she asked softly.

He shook his head, but immediately said: "That's what I call a man."

"Yes, a man endued with the power of God," amplified Rhoda. "The missionary could never have done this but for his religious zeal."

"I don't know whether you ought to call it religion or not," replied George, slowly and thoughtfully; and then, with much earnestness in his tone, "I prefer to call it humanity, and downright, whole-hearted sympathy with all that concerns the human race. That's the religion I b'lieve in, Rhoda, and the only kind."

"And that's just what the Christian religion is," said Rhoda fervently. "Does it not continually show its sympathy with everything that concerns mankind? Is it not this very sympathy which constrains the missionaries to risk their lives at the hands of heathen and cannibals? Personally they have nothing to gain in giving up home and kindred, but everything to lose."

George Ford had never before considered this question in this light, and if it had not been for his accident, which brought him to listen to the reading of the story of the missionary's life, in all probability he would not have considered it now. But a new light was dawning upon him, and already he was beginning to view men and things differently than formerly. Hitherto he had always introduced much of cynicism into his judgment of things; now he realized that there was more sympathy between man and man than he had fancied before, and that it was exhibited to a far greater extent in what may be called the religious man. He candidly admitted this much to Rhoda.

"Ah," she answered, "I'm afraid you've been judging Christianity by its professors, and not according to its inherent merits. You've been estimating the value of the Christian religion by the lives of the people living around us, but you've forgotten that no one person properly and continually exhibits all the Christian virtues. Nor would any Christian, sincere though he may be, dream of allowing himself or herself to be spoken of as a representative character, as one who should say, 'I am a type of the whole.' What I am, and what all the good people here are, is but a very poor example of the essence and excellence of the Christian religion—"

"But there are so many imperfect ones," said George. "Look at Philip—"

"Stay!" firmly, if gently, remonstrated Rhoda; "you really must form no estimate on individual character. Besides, you must give some latitude for the purely human side of character, as you yourself urged just now. Men are so differently constituted, and when a man 'gets' religion, as we say down at the chapel, when a man gets a new heart he doesn't get a new temperament. If he is hasty, and hot-tempered before, he'll be just the same afterwards. Religion only puts him on the right track for subduing and conquering these natural proclivities. And if he—"

"Go on with the story, Rhoda," said George, feebly.

The truth was he was beaten in the argument and convinced. He did not wish to pursue it. Under the influence of this pure girl he was being led forth into a new life and a new realization of it.

For perhaps half an hour longer Rhoda read steadily on, and then rose to take her departure. She has stayed unusually long, she says, and hopes she has not tired her patient out.

"Oh, no," he answers at once, "but I'm sure you must be. After talking all day long in school it cannot but be tiring to you to come here to read again to me. It's very good of you."

"I'm only too glad to be of any little service I can to you," she said, sweetly smiling, "or indeed to anyone. But now you must rest, or you'll have a frightful headache. Just let me give you your medicine again—it's quite time—and then I must hurry away. Father will be wondering what has become of me."

She measures out the medicine into a tablespoon and holds it to his lips.

"I think it is doing you good," she says.

"Yes," he replies, "but it's got a very nasty taste."

"Many good things have," she answers, "and everything that's palatable isn't good, you know. But now, good-night. I hope you'll have a good night, and be ever so much better when I come to-morrow."

She holds out her hand to him, and he clasps it in his.

"Good-night, Rhoda," he says earnestly.

For several moments he holds her hand firmly while he looks steadily into her face. Gratitude, and perhaps something more than gratitude, is swelling within him, but he cannot express himself. She, too, is conscious of an unusual feeling stealing over herself, perhaps of blessedness for having done some little to make her charge happy, and tears of joy rise to her eyes.

"Rhoda," he says softly, "will you sing to me before you go?"

"Gladly," she answers him; "what shall I sing?"

"Oh, something nice," he replies slowly. "Sing me one of the children's hymns; one of those we used to sing in the Sabbath-school."

He speaks with his utterance almost choked, while she stands before him thrilled with sympathy. Presently, however, she begins to sing softly that old and beautiful hymn which for generations back has cheered and calmed the heart of many a pilgrim here below:

> "One there is above all others,
> Oh, how He loves!
> His is love beyond a brother's,
> Oh, how He loves!"

She sings the words with great pathos and emphasis, the tears streaming down her cheeks the while. George himself is visibly affected, and wets his pillow with his tears. Unusual emotions are passing through his soul, and he is passive to them. For the time he is a child again. No longer the cynic and the sceptic, but a truly meek and humbled man, and in feeling and heart a very child. In thought he is back again to the old days when he was an innocent lad, and when he could sing that same hymn with something of the simple faith and rapture in which Rhoda now sang it. Oh, how earnestly he yearns to be what he once was—a happy, careless lad, with no doubt, sorrow, and sin torturing his mind. He would give all he has—ay, even life itself, he whispers to his burdened heart—if only he could transform his present character into the stainless one of his early boyhood. But the past is past and unalterable, and the dread fact presses heavily upon his spirits.

Not for long, however. Rhoda's sweet singing soon raises them, and acts like a charm upon his troubled heart. Smiles at length break through his tears, and when Rhoda's singing is over he looks the thanks which his full soul prevents him from expressing.

"That's the Friend you need, George," she says, bending over him.

He cannot speak, though he motions "Yes."

"That's my Friend," she says softly, "my daily Friend and Counsellor, and with Him I can do without all others. Not that I am not blessed with many dear friends, but if they were all taken from me, George—say if some great calamity should suddenly deprive me of the whole of them at a stroke, as, for instance, an accident in the mine—I would find Him all-sufficient."

George Ford does not answer. He does not know how to answer. But he suffers her to speak. How wonderfully changed he is become. A few weeks ago and he would have scorned to listen to such talk, but no slightest resentment touches his heart now, and he listens to it with evident satisfaction and joy.

"Make Him your Friend, too, George," says Rhoda, pleadingly, and then, after a pause, "Good-night again, George—good-night."

When she has gone George lies awake for an hour or more thinking it all over. Not only the missionary story, with its traits of strong humanity in it, has deeply impressed him, but also, and more particularly, Rhoda's goodness. To him, lying there so lonely and sore, she appears a true missionary, and a messenger of light and love. The world does not now seem so hard and unsympathetic as it once did. Until now George Ford had always thought of men as living only for their own interests; he has ever pictured the struggle for life as a great disorderly conflict where men trod each other to earth in their cruel selfishness. Up to this present moment he has placed confidence in no man, and has always been ready to discount all their words and actions; but Rhoda's growing influence over him has that day culminated in the complete breakdown of his old repellent self, and a strange but sweet sense of hope and trust fills his soul, and makes him happy, supremely happy—a feeling which he never remembers having experienced before.

"God bless her!" he murmurs, as he lies thinking of her. His own words startle him. Does he, then, believe in God? He does not know. He cannot decide. If he were called upon to decide, in all probability he would reject the belief, but the words are the spontaneous expression of his heart, and he can conceive of no more fitting words or no higher blessing.

"Oh, if I once get well and strong again I will—" He pauses in deep thought. Something has arrested his words. "There's Dick Fowler," he says, slowly—"what if she has promised herself to him? It is generally said so. But how can anyone know? At all events I don't know, and while I'm waiting to learn I may be letting the chance slip from me. She'd make an excellent wife; one in a thousand. . . . I'll ask her—"

He does not finish the sentence, for at that moment a heavy, unsteady foot is heard lumbering up the staircase, and then the bedroom door is flung open, and Rake Swinton enters the room.

"Well, George, my boy, how is ye now?" hiccoughs Rake.

Plainly he is the worse for drink, and in no fit state to visit a sick man; but Rake Swinton, even when sober, has never any respect for the proprieties of life.

"George," he says, not waiting for him to answer the inquiry as to his condition, "they tells me that you're goin' to turn a prayin' man when yer gets up."

"Where have you been to-night, Rake?" queries George, disregarding the sneer in his old companion's words.

"Tell me, George, is it true?"

"Is what true?"

"As how the chaps be sayin'."

"What be they saying?"

"Is it true, I asks you, what the fellows be sayin'?"

"At the Garter?"

"Ay, all the fellows has it in their mouths," answers Rake. "They be all sayin' as how you've turned quite religious now."

"Well, that isn't true, at any rate, Rake," says George. "I'm just about as bad a chap as ever I was—"

"Thought it wasn't true," snapped Rake.

"But I've different views of life now," goes on George, "and I mean to let the chapel folk alone henceforth."

"H'm!" chutters Rake; "you do?"

"And I also mean to try to be a religious man," firmly ends George.

"You're a bigger fool than I took you for, George Ford," he presently says, scornfully. "And after your accident! Why, everybody be saying that your accident be a judgment of God meant for me, but that He missed His mark and scotched you. If that's the God you're goin' to turn religious for, well, I'm—I'm—as-ton-ished!"

George does not reply. The interview has upset him, and he is tired of it. But he was glad it had taken place. It was his intention to proclaim his changed ideas, and it is done now. All his old companions will soon hear of it. His colours are now nailed to the mast, and he feels that the hardest part of the fight is over.

"Who's put these new ideas into your head, George?" asks Rake. "Was it pretty Rhoda?"

"I'm too exhausted, Rake," answers George, "to argue the subject further. Come some other day, when I'm stronger, and I'll tell you everything. She has something to do with it, but not all."

"The next thing we'll hear that you'll be marryin' of her," says Rake. "Ugh! I've no patience with a fellow like you. But it won't last, George. All this kind o' talk is all very well when a fellow's on a sick-bed, and the backbone o' his old character is taken out o' him. Wait till ye gets up and gets down to the Garter again; you'll be yerself again then. I say, have you heard of poor Snooks' trouble?"

George looks up questioningly.

"Stephen Grainger's bin and turned him out o' house and home. Says squire's orders."

"For his rent?"

"Yes, it's bin owin' o'er two year now," says Rake; "but that is no excuse for his harshness."

"Poor Snooks!" says George; "he's seen a lot of trouble."

"Stephen Grainger's at the bottom of it, I'll be bound," says Rake. "All the chaps at the Garter thinks so."

"P'raps," muses George; "he's a hard man."

"He's layin' by a nice little account for our chaps to reckon with," hints Rake darkly. "An' the squire, too. It'll come our turn some day, and then you'll see what you will see. But I'm goin' now. Get those silly notions out o' yer head. So long, George, lad—so long."

Away goes Rake Swinton, stumbling down the stairs and making as much noise and commotion as half a dozen ordinary people. George cannot help contrasting his visit with that of Rhoda, and he mentally ejaculates: "In every way these chapel people are superior to Rake's gang. Heaven helping me, I will free myself from them when I'm well."

The World's Progress.

JOHN BULL AND JOHN CHINAMAN.

CHINAMAN: "Good-a-bye, Mr. Bull, big Russian Bear likee me welly much; he makee me topside."

JOHN BULL: "All right, Mr. Chinaman, I don't mind; only you'll have to go to him when you want to borrow money, not to me."

—*Westminster Gazette, London.*

AN OPPORTUNITY LOST.

The United States Senate has lost a golden opportunity to round out the administration of Mr. Cleveland with the grandest legislation of the century. Either through jealousy of the retiring administration or of Great Britain, the very body of men who demanded arbitration in the interests of Venezuela, refused it in the interests of their own country. But this little oligarchy cannot withstand the rising tide of sentiment in favour of peace and brotherhood any more than could Mrs. Partington sweep back the Atlantic Ocean.

The better sentiment of the United States continues to urge the importance of ratifying the Arbitration Treaty. The *Outlook* says: "What the country wants is not play at arbitration, but real arbitration; not a provision for keeping two countries by the ears during a long lawsuit which may come to no result, but a tribunal with authority to render a final decision, so that submission of the controversy to it shall put an end not only to war, but to the fear of war, between Great Britain and the United States. The people want a treaty which will protect them from warlike politicians in their own country quite as much as from those in the other country."

Even the secular papers pronounce strongly against the action of the Senate. The *Engineering and Mining Journal* says: "According to these enlightened (Jingo) authorities, arbitration is all right when it is strictly stipulated that it is 'heads I win, tails you lose.' This might be expected of a benighted barbarian of South Africa, but is wholly unworthy and insulting to a civilized people, which we Americans claim to be. The United States should set a better example to the civilized world. What is an arbitration treaty good for unless it covers all subjects of dispute?"

The following fine poem, from the *American Friend*," expresses the well-nigh universal sentiment of the nation:

THE TREATY.

Down through the slow-paced years the weary eyes
That watched and waited for the promised dawn,
Have seen, rose-tinted on the eastern skies,
The pledge and presage of a brighter morn.

This hour was ripe for action; noble men

With courage matched to meet the crying need,
Let go the sword-hilt for the mightier pen,
And live immortal in their righteous deed.

A wondering world looked on amazed;—the Turk
Paused mid the wreck that strewed his blood-red path—
His scimitar adrip from hellish work—
The red-hot Spaniard curbed his foaming wrath

To gaze upon a sight unseen before—
Two nations' hand-clasp o'er the rolling sea—
The covenant of peace forevermore,
The sacred pledge of deathless amity—

The olive proffered by the gracious Queen,
Whose sovereign line of empire belts the world—
Dismantled navies floating on the green
Sea waves, and all their flags of battle furled!

Fit deed to crown a long and golden reign!
A gem to pale the queenly diadem;
To weld the chains of love, and once again
To wake the angel song of Bethlehem.

What did the nation's gathered wisdom when
She bade them seal the holy compact—hailed
With heavenly pæans and the songs of men?
Alas! delayed, dissembled, faltered, failed.

Flung back the ages' mighty hope—thrust by
Unmet the pious pleading of a race—
Filled space with empty speech and idle cry,
Or sought to make secure their tippling place.

O for an hour of Sumner! O to break
Like ropes of sand the chains of clique and clan!
To proudly stand for Truth and Goodness' sake,
And sink the politician in the man.

Be patient, Friends; the nation's heart is stirred;
She brooks no trifling at her servants' hands;
And when above the roar of trade is heard
Her voice—her sons shall heed her high commands.

And when as now in ages yet to be,
Her stretch of coast line meets the rising sun,
The applauding nations of the earth shall see
Secure, her busy "ports without a gun."

—*J. Ellwood Paige.*

Veto of the Corliss Bill.

The last public act of President Cleveland goes a good way to condone his war message of 1895. He seems to have learned wisdom in the interval. It was a veto of the Immigration Restriction Bill, with special censure of the Corliss Amendment, prohibiting the employment of Canadian residents along the American frontier. This the President described as "narrow, illiberal and un-American," and unfriendly to friendly neighbours.

The New President.

The installation of the new chief magistrate of the neighbouring republic is a matter of considerable interest to Canadians. His inaugural message is strongly in favour of the Arbitration Treaty. While he is doubtless in favour of high protective tariff, there is reason to believe that public sentiment is more favourable to reciprocity with Canada than heretofore. On this subject the *Independent* says: "We ought to advance toward commercial unity with our Northern neighbour. Now is a specially favourable time to make a beginning. Hitherto we have had more talk about retaliation than reciprocity. We ought not to be fighting each other. There is an opportunity for large statesmanship. Do our legislative leaders in Washington see it?"

We do not like the *Independent's* words "commercial unity." Commercial reciprocity is what we want, and nothing more. If we cannot have that with the United States on honourable terms we can do without it, as we have done for many years. A preferential tariff with the mother-country would knit more strongly the ties of good-will and would greatly increase our transatlantic trade and furnish freights for our Canadian lines of steamships.

That able London paper, *The Colonies and India*, says, "There is not the slightest chance of Canada ever becoming a part of the United States, and the sooner that fact is recognized by the Republic the better it will be for the progress of the continent. The American continent is surely quite large enough for Canada and for the United States. There is also a little feeling of irritation in Canada at the treatment accorded to Canadians who live near the frontier, and cross to the United States in connection with their employment. All these things had much better be avoided, and if our American cousins would generally be a little broader

in their views, and pay a little more regard to the interests of others, it would prevent a good deal of irritation among their neighbours."

St. George of Greece.

The sympathy of all the free peoples of the world is with Greece in its endeavour to free from the Moslem yoke the Greek and Christian population of Crete. It is like the stripling David's defiance of Goliath of Gath. The appeal from the Great Powers to the great peoples, from the selfish intrigues of courts and diplomats to the generous instincts of the lovers of liberty everywhere, is something of which the Powers will have to take account. The Autocrats of Russia and Germany may be willing to crush the aspirations of Crete, but the democratic opinion of England, France and Italy will not tolerate the armed forces of these nations being employed to thrust back under the yoke of Turkish oppression the Greek Christians who have six times in fifty years risen to shake it off. The selfishness of the holders of Greek and Turkish bonds shall not be allowed to prevent the enfranchisement of an oppressed people.

With somewhat perfervid rhetoric the *Methodist Times* exclaims: "As certainly as there is a just God in heaven, these Governments, indifferent to everything except the vulgar interests of Mammon, are destined to reap a bitter harvest of retribution. The kings and politicians and financiers have taken counsel together against the Lord and His anointed. They have thought it safer to put their trust in Jewish bankers than in the God of Righteousness and Mercy. They have nearly filled the measure of their iniquity. All their rifles and all their ironclads will not save them. It may be that God is now giving them one last opportunity before their infamies perish in blood."

It seems to us the sheerest hypocrisy to say that the Great Powers cannot restrain themselves from plunging into war even should both Crete and Macedonia be wrested from Turkey. Interest and humanity alike demand that Great Britain refuse to be the bandog to coerce the struggling Cretans. She now holds Egypt, all that she could hope to get in the partition of Turkey in any case; and the nations whose love of liberty has been fed by the literature of Greece will not tolerate the coercion of the plucky little nation. William Watson's fine poem which follows, voices the feelings of the English-speaking race on both sides of the sea:

HELLAS, HAIL!

Little land so great of heart,
'Midst a world so abject grown—
Must thou play thy glorious part,
Hellas, gloriously alone?
Shame on Europe's arms, if she
Leave her noblest work to thee!

While she slept her sleep of death
Thou hast dared and thou hast done;
Faced the Shape whose dragon breath
Fouls the splendour of the sun.
Thine to show the world a way,
Thine the only deed to-day.

Thou, in this thy starry hour,
Sittest throned all thrones above,
Thou art more than pomp and power,
Thou art liberty and love.
Doubts and fears in dust be trod;
On, thou mandatory of God!

Who are these would bind thy hands?
Knaves and dastards, none beside.
All the just in all the lands
Hail the blest and sanctified—
Curst who would thy triumph mar,
Be he Kaiser, be he Czar.

Breathing hatred, plotting strife,
Rending beauty, blasting joy,
Loathsome round the tree of life
Coils the Worm we would destroy.
Whoso smites yon Thing Abhorred,
Holy, holy is his sword.

Foul with slough of all things ill,
Turkey lies full sick, men say.
Not so sick but she hath still
Strength to torture, spoil and slay!
O that ere this hour be past
She were prone in death at last!

Kings, like lackeys, at her call
Raise her, lest in mire she reel.
Only through her final fall
Comes the hope of human weal.
Slowly, by such deeds as thine,
Breaks afar the light divine.

Not since first thy wine-dark wave
Laughed in multitudinous mirth,
Hath a deed more pure and brave
Flushed the wintry cheek of Earth.
There is heard no melody
Like thy footsteps on the sea.

Fiercely sweet as stormy Springs,
Mighty hopes are blowing wide;
Passionate prefigurings
Of a world revivified;
Dawning thoughts, that ere they set
Shall possess the ages yet.

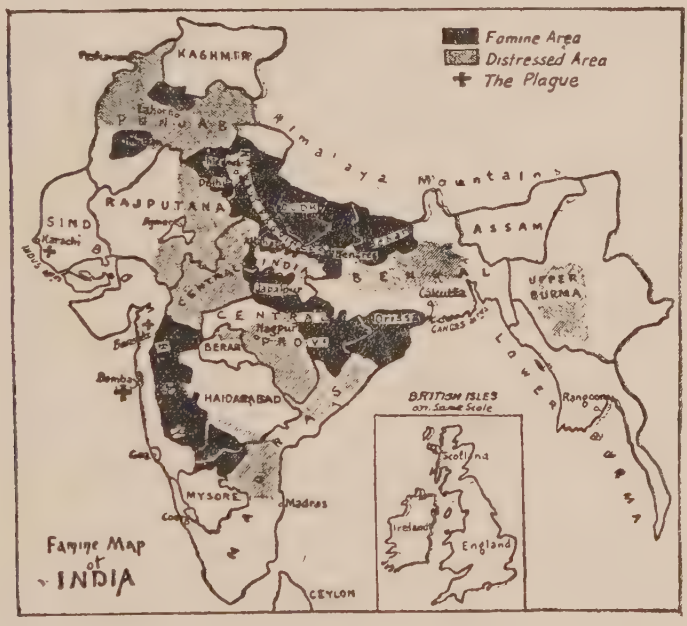
Oh! that she were with thee ranged
Who for all her faults can still,

In her heart of hearts unchanged,
Feel the old heroic thrill:
She, my land, my love, my own—
Yet thou art not left alone.

All the Powers that soon or late
Gain for Man some sacred goal
Are co-partners in thy fate,
Are companions of thy soul.
Unto thee all earth shall bow;
These are Heaven, and these are thou.

The Famine in India.

No tongue can adequately tell the depressing, desperate and appalling facts of the Indian famine. "We have printed



the astounding statement," says the *North-Western Christian Advocate*, "that loving parents have offered their children for sale at *one dime each!* This horrifying price-list and gaunt market-rate for the sale of human darlings are the most pathetic sounds that have ever bruised the ears and crushed the hearts of men. One more Indian letter, received even since we wrote the above title to this article, speaks of a despairing query made to one of our sorrowing missionaries: 'Will you—can you—buy 100 more children for your mission?' A ten-dollar note for 100 children of parents who are about to die of starvation!"

The outlines of the lines and shades on the map represent a continent peopled by more than three hundred millions. In round numbers, India has more than 1,870,000 square miles. The blackest shades represent actual famine districts. The half-tones show the distressed districts where there is great scarcity, but not immediate fatal need.

We have called attention to what we think a retrograde step of New York State in condemning to idleness the ten thousand convicts in the State prison. An American paper reports: "The immediate effect of the law is to condemn the prisoners to what is little better than solitary confinement, and the prison authorities are endeavouring to find some employment for the convicts that will mitigate this terrible augmentation of penalty and not conflict with the law. Meanwhile many of the prisoners are in despair. One has attempted suicide, and it is feared that others will be driven insane. If it should be found that suicide and madness are natural results of the new order of things, there might be grounds for declaring the law unconstitutional in that it provides for punishment that is clearly "cruel and unusual."

CECIL RHODES.

At the Parliament committee's investigation into the Transvaal raid, Cecil Rhodes, abrupt and defiant, admitted that he placed troops under Dr. Jameson's orders on the Transvaal border, and was prepared to act in certain circumstances. He recited the grievances of the foreigners against the Transvaal government. "After long efforts," he said, "the people there, despairing of redress by constitutional means, resolved to seek by extra-constitutional means such change of government as could give the majority of the population, possessing more than half the land, nine-tenths of the wealth, and paying nineteen-twentieths of the taxes, a due share in the administration. I sympathized with them, and as a landowner was largely interested. As a citizen of Cape Colony I suffered under the persistently unfriendly attitude of the Transvaal toward Cape Colony." Continuing, he intimated that he possessed evidences of German intrigues to secure control of the Transvaal. Oom Paul Kruger has entered a preposterous bill of indemnity of over $8,000,000 for the Transvaal raid.

Compensation, Indeed!

The Licensed Victuallers' Association of Montreal is taking alarm at the prospect of a plebiscite which shall demand the prohibition of the drink traffic, and are making an appeal for compensation for their vested rights: "If we are to submit," says their president, "to the killing of our business, then, I say, the Government that has done this work should reimburse us for our loss."

The liquor men have had fair warning for years that their craft was in danger, they had ample time to get out of it and into some more honest and harmless business. Talk of compensation, indeed! Let them compensate the women whom they have made worse than widows, and the children whom they have made worse than orphans, and the homes they have wrecked and ruined, before they talk of compensation for the interruption of their murderous business.

But President Jones has no fears of Prohibition. "The people of Canada," he says, "are not generally led away by fads, and they are wise enough to know that if Prohibition were passed Canada would take a step backward in its prosperity which would cripple it for years. We have only to look at the States of the Union where Prohibition became law and see what disaster and commercial shipwreck followed."

We showed a few days ago that the little State of Maine, though much less fertile than the new States of the West, with a population of 661,086, yet had savings bank deposits of $53,397,590, while the State of Illinois, with a population of 3,826,851, nearly six times as many as Maine, had savings bank deposits of only $23,498,504, or less than half as much as Maine. We can stand that sort of ruin in Canada very well.

The License Bill.

The Temperance Convention, which on March 11th brought five hundred busy men, many of them from remote distances, to express their dissent from the License Bill of the Ontario Government, shows the intense earnestness of the religious community on the subject of temperance reform. While criticising this bill, it is only just to recognize the progress which has been made in temperance by the Ontario Government. The article by Mr. Frank Spence, Secretary of the Dominion Prohibition Alliance, one of the most pronounced protesters against the inadequacy of the present License Bill, gives a fair recognition of the fact that in this Province licenses have been reduced in twenty-two years by 3,053, and that the consumption of liquor is also greatly reduced, and is less per head in Ontario than in any other province in the Dominion.

Nevertheless, the tone of the convention and of the resolutions from the churches, notably from the Methodist churches, show that the present license amendments fail to measure up to the expectation or demand of the temperance people. We fail to see why this great moral reform should be a party question and made the football of party politics. Surely the ministry can count upon the support of the temperance members of the Patron and Conservative party. In the meantime, it seems to us the practical duty of the temperance people is to deluge the Legislature with petitions, memorials, resolutions, and especially for individual voters to write to their representatives in the House, urging them, in harmony with the voice of 82,000 of a majority of this Province, to give the country a much stronger restrictive legislation than the proposed Bill.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.

PROF. DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E., F.G.S.

It is a distinct loss to the world of letters that Prof. Drummond has passed away in his forty-sixth year. It was hoped that he would render still greater service in the reconciliation of science and religion than he has already given. A great scientist, who was also a pronounced Christian and active worker among young men, especially in college circles, he could not fail to command the respect of the very wide range of readers. His "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" was his first great work. Like Byron, he woke and found himself famous. We think that work in some respects over-estimated. Some of his arguments strike us rather as ingenious analogies than as demonstrations. His later work, "The Ascent of Man," we think much more scientific in spirit and cogent in argument. But it is his religious works by which he will be best remembered.

The following are the chief incidents in his career: He was born at Stirling, Scotland, in 1851, and educated at the universities of Edinburgh and Tabigen in Germany. He subsequently passed through the Free Church Divinity Hall, and after his ordination, was appointed to a mission station at Malta. On his return to Scotland, he was appointed a lecturer in science at the Free Church College, Glasgow, 1877, and professor in 1884. He also took charge of a working men's mission in that city. Subsequently he travelled with Prof. Geikie in the Rocky Mountains and South Africa. His "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," (1883), a work of original thought, elicited much criticism and ran through about thirty editions, being translated into French, German, Dutch and Norwegian. He also wrote some interesting accounts of his travels, one of the most noticeable of which is "Tropical Africa." In 1890 he travelled in Australia. Other works from his pen are "The Greatest Thing in the World —Love;" a sermon based on the text "The greatest of these is charity;" and "Pax Vobiscum"—(Peace be with you). In 1894 he published the "Ascent of Man," a work which insists on the existence of certain altruistic factors in the process of natural selection.

When in Canada a few years ago, Prof. Drummond was a guest at Rideau Hall, and also visited Montreal and Quebec. There was a rumour about that he might become the principal of McGill, before the selection of the present head was confirmed.

Hast thou not heard His voice, O burdened heart?
Art still by hard and clinging fetters held?
Hidest thou still in silence and apart?
Arise, come forth, by life and love compelled.

Burst thou the bonds that hold thee to thy dark!
Arise in freedom! Put thy past away!
His life is thine. His voice doth call thee. Hark!
Arise! rejoice! This is *thine* Easter day.

—*Sarah L. Arnold.*

THE BARBARA HECK MEMORIAL.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

The Methodist women of the United States worthily honoured the memory of Barbara Heck on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of the planting of Methodism in that land by the erection of a memorial building in connection with the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Illinois, to be known forever as Heck Hall.

"Barbara Heck," writes Dr. C. H. Fowler, in commemorating this event, "put her brave soul against the rugged possibilities of the future, and throbbed into existence American Methodism. The leaven of her grace has leavened a continent. The seed of her piety has grown into a tree so immense that a whole flock of commonwealths come and lodge in the branches thereof, and its mellow fruit drops into a million homes. To have planted American Methodism; to have watered it with holy tears; to have watched and nourished it with the tender, sleepless love of a mother and the pious devotion of a saint; to have called out the first minister, convened the first congregation, met the first class, and planned the first Methodist church edifice, and to have secured its completion, is to have merited a monument as enduring as American institutions, and, in the order of Providence, it has received a monument which the years cannot crumble; as enduring as the Church of God. The life-work of Barbara Heck finds its counterpart in the living energies of the Church she founded."

A lady engaged in active Christian work in Toronto, a daughter of one of our ministers, became deeply impressed through reading the story of Barbara Heck, of her consecrated Christian womanhood and providential part in planting Methodism in both the United States and Canada. This lady felt that the women of Canada ought to do something to perpetuate the memory of this mother in Israel among us.

Out of the suggestion of this Canadian admirer of Barbara Heck has grown a movement for creating a permanent memorial of that virtual founder of Can-

adian Methodism in connection with Victoria University.

The late Hart A. Massey, Esq., left a generous bequest of $50,000 for the erection of a woman's residence in connection with Victoria University. This the executors are quite willing shall be employed as part of this memorial of Barbara Heck. But a considerable sum will be required to furnish a site and necessary campus, and for the thorough equipment of the institution. Many elect ladies of our Church throughout the Dominion to whom Dr. Potts has spoken, are enthusiastic in favour of this movement. A very successful meeting was held in the college chapel, an organization formed with Mrs. Chancellor Burwash as president and a large executive with local committees throughout the Connexion is being organized.

When the Prince of Wales was asked, what memorials of her long and prosperous reign would be gratifying to the Queen, he replied, "Bequests to benevolent institutions."

No more appropriate memorial of the completion of the sixtieth year of her Majesty's reign, with which the existence of Victoria University is coeval, and of the noble woman who in the providence of God was so largely instrumental in the founding of Methodism in both the United States and Canada, can be conceived than this Barbara Heck Hall. Not the least advantage of this movement will be enlisting the sympathies and prayers and co-operation of, we trust, thousands of the women of Canadian Methodism in our Methodist university. They will feel more than ever identified with its interests, will increase the number of its students, and in every way promote its welfare.

At the meeting above mentioned Mrs. Chancellor Burwash gave the following admirable address:

This project is not a new one in university circles. Wherever women have been admitted to university privileges the necessity of furnishing them with a college home has forced itself upon all who are acquainted with the needs, or interested in the progress of woman's education.

Some years ago I met a lady whose home is in Evanston, Illinois—Evanston is the seat of the North-Western University, which is a Methodist institution. She informed me that the ladies of that town had undertaken the responsibility of providing homes for women students almost as soon as they entered the university.

Their plan had been to purchase or rent several small buildings where the quiet and comfort so important to students could be secured. Further than that, they retained a continued oversight of these homes, thus making sure that they were well and wisely managed, and affording an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with the students.

It can very easily be seen that when four years of early womanhood are spent away from the direct influence of home, without definite social ties, the whole energy given to a mental training which induces the tendency to prove all things and to hold fast only that which to one's self seems good, there is danger of falling into Bohemian habits of thought and life. Mr. Massey's generous gift provides for Victoria University a Woman's Residence, capable of accommodating sixty or seventy-five students, and we are only asked to secure a site upon which it may be placed.

In the English universities a very much more onerous task has been undertaken by women. At Oxford an association of women, in 1865, organized a scheme for providing lectures and classes for women. Their request for the privilege of being admitted to university examinations was not granted until the year 1884. This organization is now known as the Association for the Education of Women in Oxford. Many well-known names are connected with it. At one time Mrs. Max Müller, wife of the celebrated professor of philology, was treasurer. Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the well-known author, and Mrs. T. H. Green, whose husband has a world-wide reputation as professor of philosophy, have been secretaries. In addition to securing university privileges for women, they have provided three residences named, respectively, Somerville College, Lady Margaret's and St. Hugh's Halls. In a similar way Newnham College and Girton College have been established as women's residences.

There is urgent need for a residence for women being established in connection with our Victoria University at the earliest date possible. Such an addition to its usefulness will be a permanent and ever-increasing benefit to our country, especially with regard to its social and religious welfare.

The university lecture-room deals solely with matters intellectual. Intellectual life is common to men and women, therefore they can with mutual profit pursue university studies together. But the

distinctively feminine element, that which forms the beauty and the glory of womanhood, is left without guidance or fostering care, hence the superlative need of a college home for university women. Such a home, properly conducted, will ensure the symmetrical development of the whole woman. Knowledge of social customs, and the grace and charm which come from refined manners, are insensibly absorbed and assimilated by contact with the most desirable type of cultured life. That this should be the pervading influence in our home is of the first importance, and the present scheme is intended to promote this desirable end.

Toronto is a centre of active Christian work. At present our women students have little opportunity of knowing anything about it. This is peculiarly unfortunate, for there can be no doubt that when the present generation of workers have passed away, university women will be the leaders of woman's work throughout the country.

I might speak of the philanthropic work which has been the outcome of university training for women in England. This work is largely separated from religion. I think that most of us will agree that religion and economics combined are much more to be desired than either working separately.

In no way can women who are interested in the various schemes of Church work so make firm the foundations and ensure the success of the work they love as by imparting their own enthusiasm to the young women who are attending the university. When our proposed residence is completed they will have ample opportunity of doing so. In proportion as they feel that the harvest fields of the world are calling for labourers should their interest in this college home for women be deep and lasting.

Recent Science.

Effect of Atmospheric Pressure on the Earth.

In an article on "Atmospheric Pressure," Henry Harries writes in *Longmans' Magazine* as follows of the possible effects of this pressure and its variations on the globe. After reminding us of the fact that the barometer in violent storms may stand at heights differing by several inches in different places at the same time, and in the same place at intervals of a few hours, and that this means that tremendous weights are being rapidly shifted on the earth's surface, an inch fall of the barometer in Great Britain corresponding to a decrease of pressure of 108 billion tons over the whole country, Mr. Harries goes on as follows:

"There are good reasons for believing that the earth—'this too, too solid earth,' as many of us suppose it to be—feels these enormous changes of weight, and responds to them much in the same way as an orange would respond to the pressure and the withdrawal of a finger. It must be remembered that the surface of the globe is dotted all over with moving cyclones and anti-cyclones differing in weight to the extent of many hundreds of thousands of millions of tons, so that the idea that the earth's outer crust is about as unstable as a jelly is not so absurd as it might appear at first sight. Prof. G. H. Darwin, after some careful experiments conducted at Cambridge, has calculated that even if the earth were so solid as to have the rigidity of glass, it would still mean that with a barometric range of only two inches we should be at least three or four inches nearer the centre of the earth when the mercury is at its highest than when it touches its lowest point.

"The experiments of the late Dr. von Rebeur Paschwitz strongly confirm Professor Darwin's conclusions, for they show that even when the barometer rises such a short distance as one twenty-fifth part of an inch there is a perceptible deflection of the plumb-line. In the determination of the geographical position of places observers have been puzzled at the discrepancies in the results obtained at different periods, but it now seems to be recognized that they must be largely attributed to the tilting of the ground in one direction or another, according to the disposition of atmospheric pressure, and that this is sufficient to introduce a difference of several miles in the results.

"It is true we are not conscious of this sinking and elevating process; it takes place at such a very imperceptible rate, perhaps occasionally two or three

inches in twenty-four hours, but delicate and carefully balanced astronomical and seismological instruments tell us very clearly that the ground is never at perfect rest ; it has, in fact, been likened to a jelly. Whether the variations of barometric pressure contribute directly to the production of earth tremors and earthquakes has not been definitely determined, although the connection is more than suspected. Thus in Japan, where the barometric fluctuations are more frequent and of greater extent in winter than in summer, earthquakes are fully twice as numerous in the former as in the latter season."

ODINET'S PLAN FOR PROPELLING VESSELS.

On the liquid portions of the globe the variation in atmospheric pressure has, of course, a still greater effect. Says Mr. Harries :

"It is probably easier to understand that water would be influenced by changes in the weight of the superincumbent air. Our tide-tables predict the height of the tide every day, but under normal barometric conditions, the actual height being regulated by circumstances, so that corrections are necessary according as the barometer is above or below the average. In the official *Channel Pilot*, published by the Admiralty, it is said of Dover Harbour that 'it is on record that during equinoctial spring tides with a high barometer and a strong north-easterly wind, the tide at high water has receded four and a half feet below the datum of low water, ordinary springs.' Under the great anti-cyclone of January, 1882, the Mediterranean at Antibes was lowered about a foot, M. Faye attributing this to the exceptionally high pressure. Curiously enough, inland lakes were similarly depressed at this time, Constance being lower than at any time during three-quarters of a century previously, the result being that lacustrine habitations were laid bare, and nephrite axes and other ancient objects were brought to light.

"The most interesting and important feature of the meteorology of the North Atlantic Ocean is the great anticyclone which lies over the Horse latitudes practically all the year round. No doubt this permanent area of high atmospheric pressure accounts for the saucer-like depression of the surface of the ocean known as the Sargasso Sea, a region where large quantities of so-called gulf-weed accumulate, very little of the fucus escaping into higher levels. One of the derelict ships about which so much has been heard of late in and out of Parliament was the schooner *Fannie E. Wolston*, abandoned off Cape Hatteras on October 15, 1891. Drifting down into the Sargasso Sea, the helpless wanderer simply moved hither and thither within this shallow depression for more than three years before she finally disappeared."

A Novel Method of Propelling Vessels.

According to the improvement in propelling vessels, represented in the accompanying illustration, lengthwise channels are formed, by means of housings, at each side of the keel of a vessel, and in each of these channels is located a shaft carrying a number of screws, the shafts being geared with vertical shafts operated by one or more motors of any preferred description within the vessel. The improvement has been patented in the United States and several foreign countries by Conrad Odinet, of New York City. It is designed that, with this construction, a material increase of speed may be obtained without employing much more power than at present, and that the vessel will be able to turn as upon a pivot, the propellers acting sub-

stantially as a rudder. The propellers, placed so low down, will be constantly in the water, and never liable to "race," while they will also thoroughly ballast the vessel and add stability to the hull, being themselves protected from shot or shell in case of hostile attack. Hinged to fold close to the keel, at the forward ends of the channels, are gates by which the channels may be closed, to check or stop the forward movement of the vessel, the gates being moved by conveniently arranged levers within the vessel. In addition to the bottom propellers the ordinary stern propeller may be employed if desired. This improvement is designed for use with but slight changes in the present method of hull construction, as may be necessary in providing for the longitudinal housing on the bottom of the hull.

The Cryptoscope.

But little additional detail has been furnished concerning the wonderful invention of the cryptoscope by Prof. Salvioni, of the University of Perugia. By means of this instrument Prof. Salvioni claims that he can actually see the bones of the living body or hidden objects through the aid of Roentgen rays. The cryptoscope is simply a black cardboard tube, coated inside with a fluorescent matter, such as barium platinocyanide, or sulphate of calcium. At one end is a lens, which enables the observer to see the fluorescent surface. The object to be examined is placed in the light of a Crookes tube, and the observer looks through the cryptoscope from a suitable distance. On the fluorescent card-board, which is excited by the Roentgen rays passing through the object, the shadows can be seen by the eye as though they were developed on a photographic plate. A duplicate instrument, made and tested in Rome, is said to have shown the bones in the hands, the coins in a purse or in the clenched hand. The essential fact in the instrument is the substitution of a phosphorescent or fluorescent screen for the photographic plate, allowing the rays which pass through the body to fall on the screen and excite phosphorescence in it according to their strength, just as they excite more or less chemical action in the sensitive plate. If this invention turns out to be all that is claimed for it, it will be of infinite value to medical men in that it will allow of immediate investigation into the condition of a patient without the undesirable delay which follows on having to wait until the photograph is developed.

Picture Telegraphy.

Perhaps the highest degree of practical perfection yet attained has been reached by the joint invention of Thomas A. Edison and Patrick Kenny. The picture to be sent is drawn on soft paper with a pencil hard enough to sink the lines slightly. The sketch is then wrapped around a cylinder, which revolves slowly, and passes under the touch of an extremely delicate metal finger. As this finger sinks into the indented line it makes an electrical connection which travels to the other end of the wire, where a similar finger is resting lightly upon a revolving cylinder of paper. The receiving paper has already been sensitized with a specially prepared solution which renders it subject to change of colour on the action of an electric current. So that the effect of the first revolution of the cylinder at the transmitting end will be seen in a series of coloured dots on the sensitized paper at the receiving end, corresponding with the depressions of the needle into the lines of the original sketch. One revolution of the cylinder completed, the metallic point automatically drops down a very slight distance, and again traces its way over the face of the picture, producing a second series of dots at the receiving end of the apparatus. And so on, until the complete picture has been built up.

In Mr. Edison's laboratory, the experiments have been successful over a circuit corresponding to the distance between Chicago and New York City.

Astronomy.

Early in October the observers at the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Ariz., announced that they had discovered that the planets Mercury and Venus rotate only once on their axes during each revolution around the sun. One face of the planet, therefore, is always turned toward the sun and heated to a very high degree, while the other is always shrouded in darkness and ice. It has also been found that Mercury has an appreciable atmosphere while Venus is enveloped in a thick atmosphere; but, for some reason, Venus has only a few clouds.

Current Readings.

Mary Lyon.

The hundredth anniversary of Mary Lyon's birth deserved wide commemoration as witness of her work as a single-hearted, far-sighted, self-devoting pioneer of the higher education of women for the sake of the kingdom of God. Cradled in comparative poverty among the Massachusetts hills, and with but the limited education that "the little red schoolhouse" there afforded, she began at seventeen to teach in such a place for seventy-five cents a week and board, saving money out of this to pay for better schooling in order to better teaching. Thus she worked up, by turns a teacher and a learner, studying at one time twenty hours a day to acquire the most in the brief opportunity her means could buy. Afterward her savings went either to needy relatives or to aid poor girls seeking education.

To widen the opportunities of such girls became her absorbing purpose. Her desire for the Christian education of women in the common walks of life she described as a fire in her bones. For this she declined marriage. For this she resigned her school, and became the apostle of her cause in a house-to-house collection of funds. Persevering through discouragement and criticism, her enthusiasm won supporters; the corner-stone of her Seminary was laid October 3rd, 1836; she raised for it $70,000. "Had I a thousand lives," said she, "I could sacrifice them all in suffering and hardship for the sake of Mount Holyoke Seminary." Here, after twelve years of service as Principal, she passed away, March 5, 1849.

The Seminary has now become the College. Mary Lyon's ideals have been realized there in a largeness far transcending her hopes. More than this, her original and distinctive idea, there first embodied, has become the germinant of many other similar institutions in our own and foreign lands. Mr. Moody's great work at East Northfield is one of its more conspicuous outgrowths. These all are her monuments, but especially the College whose ground enshrines her grave. The thousands of girls to whom she has opened the doors of Christian culture are her children of the spirit. To them and the multitudes to whom the story of her inspiring life will now be told afresh, may her words carved over her grave communicate an impulse to that imitation which is the truest commemoration: "There is nothing in the universe that I am afraid of but that I shall not know and do all my duty." —*The Outlook.*

The Schubert Centennial.

All the world has been celebrating in the month of January the centenary of the greatest master of song, Franz Schubert. Schubert's life ended at the age of thirty-one and was spent in poverty and comparative obscurity. Few even of his songs were published during his lifetime. Goethe, whose poems he took as subjects for some of the most beautiful music the world has ever heard—even Goethe ignored him. Then, just as life seemed opening out before him, his songs being sung, and winning enthusiasm and applause, and publishers flocking around him—then must come failing health, the sweet singer must falter, and the exquisite music cease at the early age of thirty-one.

Aside from the love and sympathy which made his childhood happy, there were few advantages in being the son of a simple schoolmaster who had such a large family that there was very little for any single member of it. Franz had an old piano on which to play, and he picked up some knowledge of music at school. He grasped the mighty principles of harmony by intuition. A famous musician said, "He has learned everything, and God has been his teacher." His activity was limited only by his supply of music-paper. Sometimes he hadn't any money to buy it, and then, when his friends hadn't any, he had to go without. Many an exquisite melody floated off into space because he could not catch it on the wing. He taught three years in his father's school. He must have often served his pupils with a divided mind, for during these years something distinctive and beautiful was composed almost daily. It was as natural for Franz Schubert to create music as it is for a bird to sing. One gloomy winter's day a friend found him in one of the narrow rooms of his father's house, pacing the floor in great excitement. He had been reading Goethe's "Erlking," and its weird beauty appealed to him with irresistible power. His imagination was all on fire. The whole scene of this night-ride through the lonely forest became so vivid that he seized paper and pencil, and with feverish haste the immortal poem was set to immortal music.—*Literary Digest.*

Biblical Exploration.

It is astonishing how the progress of discovery is laying open the secrets of the world's early history. Everyone knows that the most ancient records of civilization are to be found in Egypt and Babylonia, and the problem is, at what time and in what way did their civilization begin? The last year has made it probable that the Egyptian civilization began by an invasion of an Asiatic race, that conquered and assimilated with an indigenous race, at we do not know what early date. A somewhat more definite conclusion seems to come from Southern Babylonia, if we may trust the results claimed in a volume of Babylonian texts issued recently by Professor Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, as the result of his studies of the remains found by that university's excavations in Niffer. He accepts Sargon I., as all scholars now do, as an historical and not a mythical king, and agrees with them in accepting the date assigned to him by Belshazzar's father, Nabonidos, of about 3800 B.C. But he finds that a long series of kings reigned before him in Niffer and Tello (Nippur and Shirpurla), and he gives the historical inscriptions of one of them, Lugal-zaggisi, who must have reigned from 4500 to 4000 B.C.; and in giving this date he is in substantial accord with Hommel, Heuzley and Maspero. But what is especially interesting is his conclusion, which must await the verdict of other scholars, that this Lugal-zaggisi, who claimed to rule from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean, was the first known Semitic conqueror of Turanian Babylonia, and that he came from Harran, the later home of Abraham and Lot in Mesopotamia; and that from this centre, at this enormously early period, he had established a great empire reaching from Palestine and Phenicia to Elam and Persia, and that the succession for four thousand years of Babylonian and Assyrian kings only emulated his conquests. In this view it is easy to see how Palestine was controlled from the beginning of history by the religion, mythology, language and script, as well as the government of the Semite Euphrates Valley; and we ask again how it happened that it was only during the few centuries of two dynasties that Egypt seems to have exerted any influence in Palestine.

CHRISTIANITY AND IDEALISM.*

BY REV. PROF. E. I. BADGLEY, LL.D.,

Victoria University.

For the purpose of solving, if possible, certain problems, the Philosophical Union of the University of California has undertaken a series of publications under the editorship of Prof. G. H. Howison, LL.D. "Each volume in the series will in a manner represent the culmination of a group of studies prosecuted by the Union, usually during an academic year." The first of the series, on "The Conception of God," by Prof. Josiah Royce, of Harvard, is for a brief time delayed. We may infer that the subject of Prof. Royce's volume has been the first of the problems with which the Union has grappled.

In an introductory note by the editor we are informed that the Union embraces "every shade of current philosophical opinion." The most of its members believe that the "riddle of life" can be solved *positively*, "in accord with the ideal hopes and interests of human nature," and they propose "in matters of belief" to take a final leave of mere tradition and blank authority—"of miraculism in every form." They are persuaded that the time has come for, "either the entire abandonment of the moral and religious conceptions upon which the culture of our Western nations has been bred, or else the preservation of their living heart despite the free stripping away of the coverings in which they have been protected and nourished."

Surely we can wish them nothing but success. Truth should not fear the keenest investigation. The volume by Dr. Watson is the second in the series, but the first in the order of publication. It is characterized, like all his preceding works, by clearness, force, brevity, depth, a practical aim, and is, withal, deeply significant as part of the exposition of a philosophical system that numbers among its adherents, not only many representa-

* Christianity and Idealism. By John Watson, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1897. Price, $1.25.

tive thinkers, but, also, many who are struggling with the practical problems of the hour.

Dr. Watson's place in the series is a compliment to his scholarship and his philosophical ability. It grew out of the study by the Union of his able volume on Comte, Mill, and Spencer. The volume was subjected to the study of specialists in the several fields of thought touched upon; their criticisms and conclusions were duly formulated, and Dr. Watson was "invited to visit the Union from his distant home, to complete his part of the discussion in a series of lectures. The result is the volume before us."

The work is divided into two parts —"The Christian Ideal of Life in Relation to the Greek and Jewish Ideals," and "Modern Idealism in its Relation to the Christian Ideal of Life." To the general reader the main interest will centre in Part I., and the closing chapter of Part II.

The history of religion is inseparable from the history of morality, for morality is the special form in which the religious ideal, which is the highest ideal of a people, seeks its realization. This moral ideal needs revision whenever the religious ideal is no longer an adequate expression of the more developed consciousness of a people." The Greek, Jewish and Christian ideals are dealt with successively, and with a keen insight into their meaning, significance and influence in relation to the great problem of the ideal of life.

We have no space to quote or give in outline the very suggestive chapter on the Christian ideal, so frequently misconceived and misinterpreted, until "Scholasticism dug its own grave, as well as the grave of mediæval theology, and prepared the way for that great modern movement which began with the Renaissance and the Reformation, and is still going on."

The closing chapter aims to show that Idealism and Christianity as presented by Christ are in essential harmony. What conceptions must we form of God upon the one hand, and of man as a sinner and of redemption on the other? "The Absolute is very inadequately conceived when it is defined simply as a substance"; or "simply as the first cause or creator of the world"; or even "as a person." "The Absolute is not an abstract person, but a spirit, *i.e.*, a being whose essential nature consists in opposing to itself beings in unity with whom it realizes itself."

The world is purposive, but it is a purposiveness that rejects a "conception of Providence as the external adaptation of events to an end." It is an immanent not a mechanical teleology. Evil (which may not be sin), belongs to man's nature from the fact that he is a being whose life is a process, and whose deliverance is "possible only through the comprehension of himself as in his ideal nature identical with God." In his original state, man had very imperfect conceptions of the world, himself and God. "The spiritual life is not a primitive endowment, but the result of long-continued pain and travail." With a love that is infinite, God communicates Himself to finite beings. Only in them can He realize His own blessedness. The realization of the self-communicating spirit of God saves man from sin. "This is the secret which Jesus realized in His life, and to have made this secret practically our own is to be justified by faith."

LOWELL'S POEMS.*

The publishers of this book are rendering a distinct service to the lovers of poetry by the well-printed, one-volume Cambridge Edition of the poets, which they are issuing at a price which brings them within the reach of everyone. The library of books which make up Browning's poems, for instance, in a single volume with one index, is vastly more convenient than having to hunt through a dozen or more volumes which cost five times the price of the one book. So, also, their editions of Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, and this latest issue of Lowell.

Lowell is one of the most largely cited authors in the most comprehensive dictionary of quotations that we know. His poems are remarkably quotable. He offers notable examples of what Tennyson calls

> Jewels five-words-long,
> That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
> Sparkle forever.

* "The Complete Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell." Cambridge Edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 510. Octavo. Price, $2.00.

The book is remarkably well edited. It gives a comprehensive sketch of the poet, and what is of special interest, the author's own notes on the genesis of his poems and the evolution which they underwent. For many of them are a distinct growth. The rapid writers who "dash a thing off in a few minutes, you know," would do well to note the loving care with which, years after their first writing, the author files and polishes his verse. In one case he writes five letters from the British Embassy, and one from Venice, to the editor of the *Century*, revising and criticising his poem of "Phœbe"—upon the bird of that name.

The author says he would gladly suppress some of the earlier poems printed in this volume, but if he did the world would be greatly the loser thereby. Some of these we deem among the best he has ever written, as his poems on "Prometheus," "Columbus," and "Cromwell." Indeed, we think the poet is more conspicuous in these early efforts, as the scholar is more conspicuous in his later ones. They have more spontaneity, more tenderness, more poetry, in fact. Among them is the magnificent poem, "The Present Crisis."

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

That on the contrasted heritage of the rich man's and the poor man's son Dr. Punshon used to read with dramatic power, and many noble lyrics of liberty called forth by the stern conflict with slavery are here.

Among the most tender and touching of Lowell's poems are those inspired by the domestic affections and the sorrows of bereavement, as "The Changeling," "The First Snowfall," which few can read with dry eyes. and the aching pathos of "After the Burial." His sympathy with the lowly and the poor, especially in the keen competitions of modern life, is shown in his Parable, which Stead is so fond of quoting:

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.
These set He in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment-hem,
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said He,
"The images ye have made of Me!"

In his noble "Sir Launfal" he shows with St. Paul that the greatest of the Christian graces is not knightly daring and high emprise, but brotherly love.

The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share another's need.

At a time when the abolitionists were everywhere spoken against, Lowell, like Whittier and Wendell Phillips, raised his voice like a trumpet in denunciation of that sin against God and crime against man, human slavery.

The poet's earnestness and moral insight are shown in one of his early sonnets, "The Street."

They pass me by like shadows, crowds on crowds,
Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and fro,
Hugging their bodies round them like thin shrouds
Wherein their souls were buried long ago;
They trampled on their youth, and faith, and love,
They cast their hope of humankind away,
With heaven's clear messages they madly strove,
And conquered,—and their spirits turned to clay;
Lo! how they wander round the world, their grave,
Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed,
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,
"We only truly live, but ye are dead."
Alas, poor fools, the anointed eye may trace
A dead soul's epitaph in every face!

The poet had another side, and possessed qualities seldom found in the same writer—the combination of the humorous and pathetic—a combination not equalled except by Tom Hood. The rollicking fun of the "Fable for Critics" of "The Unhappy Lot of Mr. Knot," and above all of the immortal "Biglow Papers," and in "Under the Willows," are a remarkable blending of wit and wisdom.

Lowell's memorial verses for college anniversaries and the like, reach, with Longfellow's "Morituri Salutamus," and some of Holmes, the highest standard in this difficult art.

But we think him at his best in the keen satire and sarcasm of his "Birdofredum" letters, and the learned comments of Hosea Biglow. These are unique in literature and were a powerful moral force in rebuking a national crime.

Book Notices.

The Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations. English, Latin and Modern Foreign Languages, Names, Dates and Nationality of Quoted Authors, with copious Indexes. By J. K. Hoyt. A New Edition. Revised, Corrected and Enlarged. New York and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Pp. 1206. Price, cloth, $6.00; sheep, $8,00.

Who has not often been haunted with a vague memory of some gem of thought but knew not where to find it, or wished to verify a quotation or find some passage in the English or foreign classics, but found himself unable? To such this book will prove invaluable. It is a concordance to the best thoughts of the world's best thinkers, a book which, to use the words of George Eliot, "hath been culled from the flowers of all books." The art of quotation is a very refined and delicate one. If aptly employed it will give point and piquancy, and grace and beauty to spoken or written discourse. If misquotations are made, like the fly in the pot of ointment, or, "the little speck upon the fruit, the little rift within the lute," it mars the beauty of the whole.

This book is a thorough revision and expansion of the first edition issued twelve years ago, and has been under progress, most of the time with a *corps* of assistants, for five years. Over three hundred closely-printed pages have been added to bring it down to date, and to include every striking phrase and sentence which has currency in the English language.

The republic of letters has its classics in several ancient and modern languages. The reader who knows only English is often puzzled by quotations of proverbs, mottoes, epigrams—the wisdom of many and the wit of one—which he continually meets but cannot decipher. He will find them here properly classified for easy reference and translated into idiomatic English.

But all this would be an embarrassment of riches if it were not made easily accessible. This has been done in an ample concordance by which, if one can recall but a word he can turn to the desired quotation. If he cannot remember the word, if he can recall the topic to which it refers he can by a topical index find all that is said upon the subject. There is also a valuable list of authors, with brief biographical notes.

In this edition the references have all been verified. The eight authors most frequently quoted are Shakespeare (2,000), Milton, Wordsworth, Byron, Tennyson, Lowell, Pope, Longfellow, but the list of authors, classical, English and foreign, fills thirty-six pages.

We have used continuously the first edition for the last twelve years and have found it almost indispensable. We shall find this new and enlarged cyclopædia, we are sure, of much greater value.

Only a house with a very large editorial staff and large capital and manufacturing appliances could prepare so elaborate and costly a book. But the firm that has issued the "Standard Dictionary" at the cost of over a million dollars, cannot fail in any literary enterprise it undertakes.

Life and Work in India. An Account of the Conditions, Methods, Difficulties, Results, Future Prospects and Reflex Influence of Missionary Labour in India, especially in the Punjab Mission of the United Presbyterian Church of North America. By Robert Stewart, D.D. Philadelphia: Pearl Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

The writer of this book is a veteran missionary, and his book is a perfect cyclopædia of information upon India and its people, and especially on mission work in that country. It describes the climatic, sanitary, social and financial conditions, and those of travel and communication, out of which have arisen the present famine and plague, and previous visitations. It treats of mission work and its various aspects, medical, evangelistic, educational; zenana work, itineration, and spread of Christian literature. It deals with the obstructions of caste and social persecution, records the triumphs of the Gospel, the transformation of character and elevation of the native Christians, their training in Sunday and day schools and Christian institutes, boarding-schools and colleges. The spread of the Scriptures, and of Christian tracts and papers, the financial self-support and church organization, present encouraging statistics. The nervous exhaustion, shortened lives, and reflex action of paganism at the native and the home churches, and the encouraging outlook

for the triumph of the Gospel, if not immediately, yet in the not remote future, are of intense interest.

The tribute of this American writer to British influence in India is very striking.

"British rule is in many ways helpful to mission work in India. It secures almost perfect safety for the missionary wherever he may go throughout the length and breadth of the land. It secures to every individual the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience—criminal acts excepted—and hence has reduced religious persecution for Christian profession to the smallest possible degree. It abolishes or condemns old laws and practices which are opposed to human rights and Christian morals: as widow-burning, infanticide, prohibition of the marriage of widows, superstitious intimidation, exemption of Brahmans from capital punishment, and slavery. It exhibits in its administration a remarkable degree of fairness, impartiality and justice; and, as far as Europeans or high-grade native officials are concerned, presents such an ideal of truthfulness, honesty, incorruptibility and paternal regard for the welfare of the community as to commend the religion with which it is connected and from which it springs to the admiration of the people."

Legends of the Middle Ages. Narrated with Special Reference to Literature and Art. By H. A. Guerber. New York: American Book Company. Toronto: William Briggs.

The indebtedness of our popular literature to classic and mediæval legend and tradition is very great. Yet many of us miss the force and point of these illusions from lack of acquaintance with the story or tradition to which they refer. We have had occasion to strongly commend the previous volume of Mr. Gueber on "The Myths of Greece and Rome." Of still greater interest, we think, will be found the present volume on the "Legends of the Middle Ages." He recounts the old British stories of Beowulf, Merlin, Tristan, the Holy Grail, and other legends of the Round Table; the German traditions of the Nibelungenlied; the tales of Charlemagne, and the Peers and Paladins of France, and the heroic story of Roland; the Spanish tale of the Cid, the theme of so many romantic ballads, and the allegorical story of Reynard the Fox with its quaint humour. The ancient traditions are summarized and the more important bits given in citations from the early poets or their translators. A feature of much importance is the glossary and pronouncing index of the unfamiliar names. Without the information here given one cannot understand the manifold allusions in Milton, Spencer, Tennyson, Morris, Wagner, and other great writers.

Clog-Shop Chronicles. By John Ackworth. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

The readers of the *Wesleyan Recorder* for some time have been regaled with a series of sketches in Lancashire dialect, racy of the soil, which have moved them alternately to smiles and tears. As here collected they will be read with further zest. We need not go far afield for all the elements of pathos and tragedy. They abound in everyday life in town and country, had we but eyes to see and ears to hear. The author of these vigorous sketches deserves the thanks of the Christian Church for the strongly accented lessons of faith, hope and love which he has placed on record. We have been especially impressed by "An Atonement," "Coals of Fire," and "The Zeal of Thine House." We commend this book cordially for church and school libraries.

Pastoral Sketches. By Rev. B. Carradine, D.D. Second Edition. Louisville, Ky.: Kentucky Methodist Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

The Methodist preacher who keeps his eyes open sees some queer aspects of life and character, both humorous and pathetic. If he can describe these with any degree of verisimilitude, he has the elements of one of the most enjoyable books which can be read. Such a series of sketches are these contained in Dr. Carridine's racy and readable book. The Doctor has a fine sense of humour, but before the smile which he causes has subsided, the reader is aware of tears in his eyes. This is not to be wondered at, for the author confesses that he was moved alternately to smiles and tears himself. But the book has a graver purpose: to puncture folly, expose sin, exalt truth, and inculcate deep spiritual lessons.

Lovers Three Thousand Years Ago. By the Rev. T. A. Goodwin. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Pp. 41. Price, 15 cents.

An interesting rather than permanent or valuable contribution to the interpre-

tation of the Song of Solomon. Mr. Goodwin defends the canonicity of the song on the ground that "the Bible as a light to human feet along every pathway of life would be incomplete without it. We have the personification of faith in the story of Abraham; of patience in the story of Job; of filial love in the story of Ruth, of endurance in the story of Moses; and here we have a photograph of ardent conjugal love, the most holy sentiment of humanity, in the story of a humble shepherdess and her equally humble and faithful lover: a constant rebuke to that pietism which teaches that ardent conjugal love is a sensual passion which must be forsworn or tethered if one would attain the highest type of moral character—a most detestable heresy." S. P. R.

University of Toronto Studies in History. Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada. Edited by GEORGE M. WRONG, M.A. Vol. I., Publications of the Year 1896, including some of the more important publications of 1895. Toronto, Montreal and Halifax: Methodist Book-Rooms. Price, $1.00.

This is a valuable addition to Canadian literature. It is intended to be an annual bibliography of books pertaining to Canada. Professor Wrong has called to his aid some of the best known writers of our country—Dr. Stewart, who contributes seven of the reviews, Dr. Bourinot, Prof. Clark, Sir James Le Moine, and others, who review the principal recent issues on Canada or on Canadian topics. This Review will become increasingly valuable as the years pass on, and it will be a revelation to many Canadians as to the amount and excellence of the literary output of Canada. It is a well printed quarto.

Ebenezers; or, Records of Prevailing Prayer. Written and Selected by H. L. HASTINGS. Boston: H. L. Hastings. London: Marshall Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50c.

"O thou that hearest prayer," says the Psalmist, "unto Thee shall all flesh come." Answered prayers are a perpetual demonstration of the love and fatherhood and providence of God. Many persons will admit general providence who deny a particular providence. But we cannot conceive them as separate. Every general is made up of particulars. In this book are collected many scores of trustworthy accounts of answers to prayer. Especially instructive are those answers to prayer for spiritual blessings.

Morality and Religion, being the Kerr Lectures for 1893-4. By the REV. JAMES KIDD, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

Origin and Development of the Nicene Theology. Lectures Delivered on the L. P. Stone foundation, at Princeton Theological Seminary, in January, 1896. Chicago: Chicago Theological Seminary.

These two volumes represent recent important work in two great divisions of the Presbyterian Church, one from each side of the Atlantic. The fields which they traverse are attracting the best thought of theologians the world over, and we hope to associate each of them with one or two kindred works in an extended review in a subsequent issue. Meantime we may recommend them to our readers as valuable additions to recent theology. N. B.

Three Lectures on the Science of Language, Delivered at the Oxford University Extension Meeting.

Germinal Selection. By AUGUST WEISMANN.

The Prophets of Israel. By CARL HEINRICH CORNILL.

Ancient India, Its Language and Religions. By PROF. OLDENBURG.

These four little volumes have been issued recently by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, and furnish in an attractive and inexpensive form a popular and yet trustworthy exposition of recent scientific work in their several lines. The work done by this and other publishing companies in the dissemination of science among the people is of great value and deserves a generous support. N. B.

EASTERTIDE.

A tomb in every garden and a stone
Rolled to its door and Jesus laid therein,
And we without sit desolate and lone,
And cannot find a Saviour for our sin.
But everywhere on Easter! see the day
Fills the bright east with all its radiant hours,
And from the tomb the stone is rolled away,
And we with Jesus walk amid the flowers.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

A deaconess is to be sent to Jaffna, in Ceylon, also to New Zealand, to train a Branch Order of Colonial Women. One of these devoted women in England, reports having made 2,320 visits, including 250 visits to sick people, in nine months. They do much to comfort the sorrowing.

The students in the various colleges hold their own annual missionary meetings, which are usually seasons of great interest. Various parts of the mission field are described, and letters are read from former students labouring in those fields, which greatly adds to the interest of the meetings.

The interest in city missions increases. Deserted churches have become important centres for all kinds of aggressive and social work. Children are cared for, and men and women, some of whom had almost lost all hope, have been brought under the influence of the Gospel, and the wants of their bodies as well as their souls have been cared for, and thus the people are helped for both worlds. At one mission in London 120 tons of coal were distributed among the poor; and 220 poor children were sent into the country for a fortnight.

In 120 years only sixteen large churches were built in London. During last year four such churches have been erected and one has been purchased from the Baptists. Sir Francis Lycett's bequest has given a great impetus to church building in the metropolis.

There are 17,000 Methodist local preachers in Great Britain, and five out of seven preaching appointments are filled by them. There are 1,000 in London alone. A gentleman said if the local preachers were to go on strike the pulpits would remain empty, but the Rev. H. P. Hughes said there were capable women in Methodism who would fill every pulpit.

The Indian famine has awakened great sympathy in England. The Methodists, having several missions in that country, have always contributed munificently in past years on similar sad visitations, and are among the most liberal in contributing of their means to relieve the necessities and distress that now obtain.

A Baptist gentleman in Yorkshire has acted a generous part, by paying the cost of a Methodist church near Skipton. He found that the village was already to a large extent in the hands of the Methodists, and one church was sufficient for the population. This Christian example might be imitated with good effect in Canada.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Methodist population in the United States is twice as large as the Catholic. Nearly one-third of all the societies of all the denominations in the United States are Methodists. There are 24,468 itinerant preachers. In the value of church property, $132,140,179, the Methodist family stand first. There are 2,766,656 communicants, 50,000 were added last year and in the quadrennium 380,000. It is estimated that there are 164 members to every pastor.

The capital of the Book Concern—two houses, New York and Cincinnati—is about three and a half millions. During the last fifty-two years the sales aggregated $60,679,380. During the last quadrennium the Concern paid out $460,000 in dividends for necessitous cases among the preachers and their widows and orphans. For the past year only $100,000 is thus appropriated, instead of $125,000 as in the year previous.

Bishop Joyce is in China and will hold the Conferences in that Empire and Japan and Corea, and will not return home until 1898. Bishop Goodsell will also remain in Europe two years and will hold the Conferences there. Bishop Hartzell has gone to Africa, where Bishop Taylor is conducting evangelistic services, and Bishop Vincent is in South America and will remain for several months. The Episcopacy is an expensive agency, but to the Methodist Episcopal Church it is invaluable.

At a Conference held by Bishop Joyce every session was a season of spiritual blessing. On the Sabbath the power of God came down upon preacher and people. In the testimony meeting 161 persons took part, of whom fifty-nine were women. In a praise service over 100 spoke in about thirty minutes.

Extensive revivals have taken place in South Jersey. In one town (Quinton) four times a day the church bell was rung to summon people to pray in their houses, or if they can in their places of business.

In South Boston, Mass., eleven churches: three Methodist, three Episcopalian, two Congregational, two Baptist and one Presbyterian, united in a revival; the pastors and rectors did the preaching.

The President, who will have become an occupant of the White House in Washington by the time this number of the MAGAZINE AND REVIEW reaches our readers, is a Methodist. Some of the Governors of States belong to the same communion. Recently, Hon. R. L. Taylor was inaugurated Governor of Tennessee for the third time. He is a Methodist and the son of a Methodist minister.

A Wesleyan Home for children of missionaries has been established at Newton, Mass. Miss Emily Harvey, formerly of India, is in charge.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

A mission church has been erected at Key West, Fla., for the Cuban population.

At a late session of Virginia Conference, Rev. E. R. Young, from Canada, was introduced by Bishop Wilson, who presided. Bro. Young spoke of his thrilling experiences during his missionary work among the Indians.

Bishop Galloway, when attending the Missionary Convention at Toronto, gave a most thrilling account of the progress of the Church since the close of the Civil War. At that time there were 400,000 members, now there are 1,500,000. One church or a parsonage is being built every eighteen hours. For missions, foreign and domestic, last year was raised $371,201.93.

A publishing house has been established at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, where there is a Conference with twenty-two preachers in full connection, nine local preachers and 1,571 members. A net increase for the past year of 317 menbers and two local preachers.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The centenary volume will soon be issued.

It is a remarkable coincidence that the Rev. Alex. Kilham was a native of Epworth, which was the birthplace of the Rev. John Wesley. The church or chapel built in honour of his memory is called Kilham, but was unfortunately recently destroyed by fire.

Rev. John Innocent, a pioneer of the Chinese mission thirty-six years ago, is expected to attend the Centenary Conference.

Rev. John Robinson has been a missionary in China twenty years.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

Great efforts are being made to extinguish church debts.

Increased attention is being devoted to the social comforts of the poor. Free dinners, gifts of clothing and money were subscribed to provide Christmas cheer. In London special missions have been planted among the poor.

Three mission vans are perambulating the rural districts of England, by means of which good literature is circulated and evangelistic services are held. The sale of the books meets the expenses of those employed.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN.

Lady evangelists are numerous in this branch of the Methodist family. Miss Costin has laboured with great success in the Isle of Wight.

Miss Castick witnessed several conversions at Millom, as the result of the mission which she conducted.

Chief Justice Way, son of a Bible Christian minister, has remained true to his Church, notwithstanding his rapid advancement in worldly prosperity, and lately he has been made a member of her Majesty's Privy Council. Largely by his influence Methodist union has been effected in Australia.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Good news comes from China. Dr. Kilborn says respecting a recent Sabbath: "The church was crowded both with men and women. After-meetings for women are taken charge of by Mrs. Kilborn and Miss Brackbill, alternately, while those for men are in charge of the Christian men.

Dr. Hart and his associates are on the way to Chentu; their arrival with the printing press will be hailed with great joy.

Our readers need not be told that the Board of Missions were anxious at their last meeting to establish a mission among the Indians on the West Coast of Vancouver Island, but the lack of funds prevented them acting as it was in their

hearts to do. We are glad, however, to learn that the members of the Epworth Leagues in Toronto Centre District are taking the matter in hand, and it is hoped that they will be able to provide the necessary funds for such a noble object. This is the time to favour Zion. It seems that showers of blessing are falling upon all parts of our work. The fields are becoming white unto harvest, and it might be well for the friends of Methodism in Canada to imitate the example of some others, and hold a self-denial week on behalf of their missions.

Barbara Heck.—The name of this mother of Methodism in the United States and Canada is not likely soon to die. Another monument is about to be erected to perpetuate her memory The late Mr. H. A. Massey left $50,000 for the purpose of erecting a building in connection with Victoria University, specially for the use of lady students attending that seat of learning. The sum named will not be sufficient, and, therefore, the ladies of Methodism are devising means to raise a similar amount, which will be appropriated to the purpose named. We trust that the ladies' will be successful, and that ere long the name of Barbara Heck will be associated with Victoria University in Toronto, as it is already identified with the North-Western University in Chicago. It is a pleasing coincidence that the scheme should be launched in this diamond year of her Majesty's reign.

Timothy Eaton, Esq., and family have contributed $365 to the Missionary Fund, specially for missions in the North-West.

Recent Deaths.

The patriarch among the Primitive Methodists in England, Mr. Thomas Bateman, has been called to his long home. He was nearly 100 years old, and had been a local preacher more than seventy years. For many years he was a member of Conference, and was elected to the office of President.

The Rev. Dr. Mark, a member of Montreal Conference, though he had sustained a superannuated relation for fifteen years. During his early ministry he studied medicine, intending to go abroad as a medical missionary. In his retirement he practised the healing art, especially among the poor.

Rev. H. Meyers, of Montreal Conference, departed this life February 5th, in the twenty-sixth year of his ministry. Most of his ministry was spent in the neighbourhood of Montreal. A few weeks before his death he went into the hospital and underwent a painful surgical operation, and died soon afterwards. The memory of the just is blessed.

Rev. F. E. Fletcher, B.A., of Manitoba Conference, died at the residence of his father-in-law, Toronto, February 27th. On entering the ministry he spent a few years in Ontario and then three years in Winnipeg. In May, 1895, he was married to Miss Emma Crosby, step-daughter of Rev. George Browne, of Toronto. During the summer he took a severe cold, and became a victim of consumption. By the advice of friends, he returned to Ontario, where, after a few months of patient suffering, he fell asleep in Jesus. His bereaved widow and beloved mother, and other relatives, have the sympathy of a large circle of friends, both in Manitoba and Ontario. According to his special request, Chancellor Burwash delivered the address at his funeral. Rev. G. M. Brown, who took him into the church, took part in the exercises. Members of his ordination class, and two brothers, carried his remains to the tomb.

Rev. J. W. Savage died March 9th, at Peterboro', where he was visiting. Mr. Savage was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1829, the son of a Methodist minister. Coming to Canada he entered the Methodist ministry in 1854, and travelled forty-one years. He was superannuated in 1895. In 1880 he attended the Centennial Memorial Sabbath-school Conference, London, England. At the time of his death he was engaged on a work entitled "Distinguished Characters of Bible and Ecclesiastical History." He leaves a wife, daughter of the late Jacob Spence. His daughters are wives of Rev. Thomas Dunlop, Rev. S. J. Rorke, and Mr. Cross, of Bond Head. His brother William is a superannuated minister in Guelph Conference. Bro. J. W. Savage was a man greatly beloved by all who were favoured with his acquaintance.

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

The dress is that which she wore at the Jubilee Celebration, 1887.